

any
tion
ican
elish
s t
ther
s to
elect
ven.
the
bing
the
mer
boys
hich,
ually
thing

URY.
f M.
ories,
ough
was
week-
E are
aigret
lume,
vine-
s skill
work,
ale is
re we
uction
rather
in all
y pro-
of the
es not
stage,
anner
ction.
ho will

CHARD
E, 76
hew of
corner
his life-
himself
carious
scare
spicua
metho
ncamp
g of the
is plat

to the
always
fishers
se dis-
soever.



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CXCVIII No. 5174

May 22 1940

Charivaria

SEASIDE holiday resorts are providing the usual holiday attractions this year. Minstrel troupes will continue to be blacked out.

"Take your trouble to a good play and get it off your chest," advises a critic. Especially of course if it happens to be a bad cough.

There is a shortage of wallpaper in Berlin. But what does the FUEHRER care now?

"Herr HITLER is making a book about the struggle with the democracies," says a German radio speaker. We're not interested; we do not bet with welsers.



"Maps of all the war fronts, for holidays and walks."

Bookseller's Advt.

Don't forget to take your lunch.

Hair is being used extensively in Germany for camouflaging guns and tanks. Who knows what is lurking on the FUEHRER's upper lip?

A householder giving evidence in a burglary case said that when he came downstairs in his dressing-gown the intruders seemed to be panic-stricken. We know that kind of dressing-gown.

A girl of sixteen has had a picture accepted by the Royal Academy. Nevertheless, she refuses to be discouraged.



The railings round gardens in London squares are to be taken up for scrap-metal. The birds will just have to sit on the trees, that's all.

"Man will never be perfectly healthy until all the impurities are removed from the air," says a doctor. Is this yet another attack on B.B.C. Variety?

Business men evacuated to the country put on weight and broaden their shoulders. Many on their return to London are asked what they have done with their old blades.

Remaining neutrals now expect to receive their carbon copies of the announcement that, owing to an Allied plan of invasion, Germany has begun to protect them.

"7.30 — Physical Exercises for Younger Women. 7.40 — Physical Exercises for Older Men. 7.50 — Interlude. 7.55—Lift Up Your Hearts."

Radio Programme.

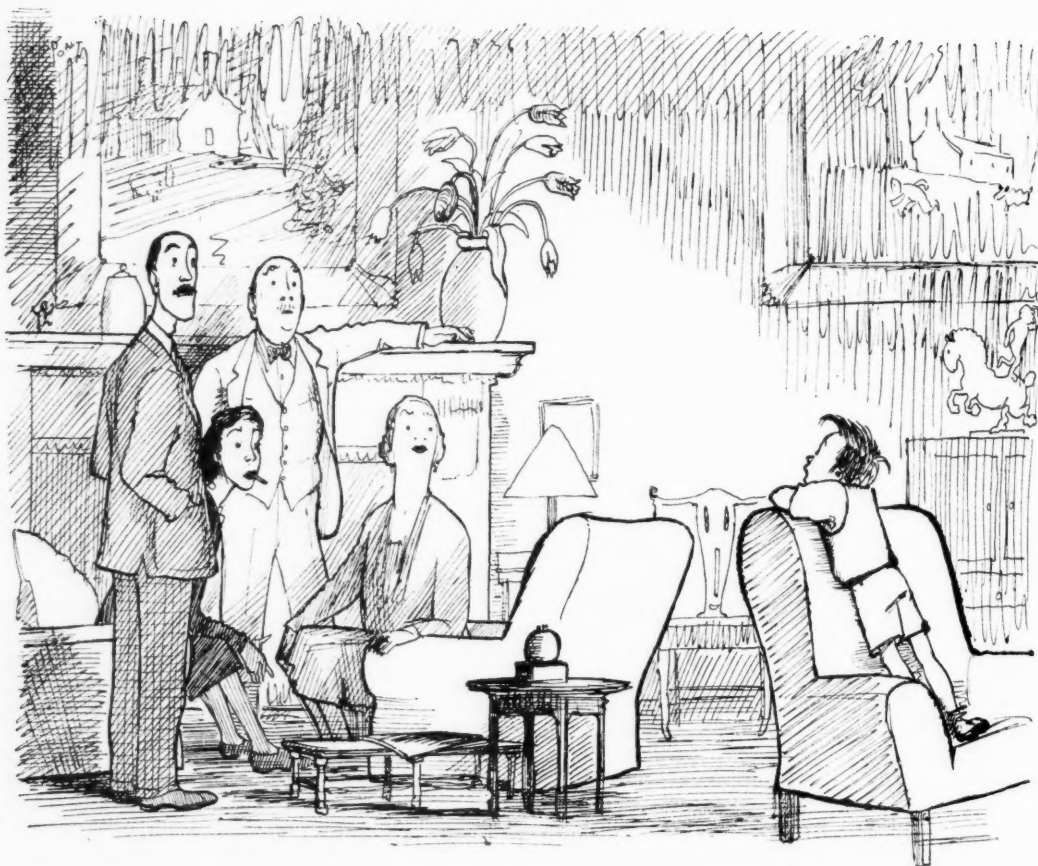
Ready? One—two—up!

A German radio speaker told housewives how they could use the same fruit to flavour two cakes. In Britain this is called the alternating currant system.



Rabbit is now served in a variety of ways at many Soho restaurants. Including *poulet en casserole*.

"The man who cannot eat his breakfast should see a doctor if he values his health," declares a medical writer. That of course is a safer method than interviewing the cook.



"Gosh! I wonder what you would all have found to talk about if there hadn't been any war."

All About Sawmills

I'VE told you something about timber measurers—how they are just ordinary girls but doing war work, and how some of them, but not all, go around measuring trees. Now I want to tell you about the others, the ones who are sent, usually in pairs, to work in the sawmills.

I don't mean that these girls do any sawing. This far on in the war, anyway, the Government doesn't think women are safe with circular saws, and I must say not many measurers think so either. Myself, I believe a measurer's subconscious warns her that as long as she is frightened of a circular saw, just so long the men at her mill will go on mending her bicycle and putting paraffin in the stove she makes tea or cocoa on.

Not all measurers make tea or cocoa; it depends on how many

thermos flasks they have broken riding on lorries. After three, some measurers give it up and drink cold water out of lemon-squash bottles. But some of them, if their mill has given them a little hut to do their book-work in, get hold of a stove and put it in the hut and sit outside because of the fumes.

I haven't explained what timber measurers *do* at sawmills. Roughly, they are there to measure up the logs which come in and the planks sawn out of the logs. They write this down in all sorts of different ways, and every fortnight they send their returns to their local headquarters, and if these returns show about thirty-five per cent. waste the mill is working all right, because that much is cut off with the bark or goes into sawdust. Over eighty per cent. waste would mean the saw had gone wrong, and under ten would mean

the measurers had counted a whole lot of planks twice.

A day at a sawmill begins at half-past seven or eight, and the two measurers there begin their day by sitting down in their hut and asking each other if there's any work left over from the day before that they meant to do first thing that morning. Even if there is they usually decide not to do it yet, because very few measurers ever got up so early before the war, and they can't get around to starting work at once. So they sit there, sometimes making tea or cocoa, and meanwhile the men have started the saw up and are rolling the top logs down an arrangement of criss-crossed tree-trunks, which is professionally called a log-table. (If you see a measurer measuring these criss-crossed trunks you can tell at once that she is new to sawmills.)

Seei
remind
before
top log
so that
logs, o
saw a
memo
seeing
measu
it is s
cocoa-
One
crawl
the gi
five m
to call
half a
The m
she th
tell th
back,
to do
van re
This
in one
they a
red li
sound
that i
The
a lorry
haven
becau
into t
and h
stove.
and a
he say
he's c
can on
All
fours
four in
idea h
eight
mattered
ask t
mattered
invoice
three
right
the fi
compl
Som
pencil
lorry;
the a
count
see th
they s
measu
safe, b
the sa
same
up, an
measu
way is
driver

Seeing the men doing this will remind the measurers that the evening before they had stopped measuring the top logs to ask the men to roll them off so that they could measure the bottom logs, only just then they thought they saw a lorry and it had slipped their memories. As the worst thing, next to seeing a lorry, that can happen to a measurer is not measuring a log before it is sawn up, they put down their cocoa-mugs and fairly race off.

One of the measurers may have to crawl under the log-table to help get the girth-tape round the trunks, and five minutes later she is almost certain to call up that she's been waiting there half an hour, and what's happening? The measurer on top will call back that she thinks she can see a lorry. So they tell the men to wait, and fairly race back, and they find the lorry is nothing to do with them but only a removal van reversing so that it can turn round.

This sort of luck never happens twice in one day, so when a little later, while they are sitting in their hut and ruling red lines like mad, they hear what sounds like a lorry, they know at once that it is a lorry.

There are not many ways of treating a lorry. Some measurers pretend they haven't noticed it, but it is no good, because the lorry-driver will only come into the hut to tell them he's there, and he will be sure to tread on the stove. So most measurers go right out and ask him what he wants, and then he says, as they knew all along, that he's come for the one-by-fours and he can only take six tons.

All measurers know that one-by-fours are planks one inch thick and four inches wide, but very few have any idea how many one-by-fours, at say eight feet, go to a ton. This doesn't matter much, because they can always ask the head sawyer. What does matter is how to fill in, on the sort of invoice they have to make out, with three carbon copies, near enough the right number of planks not to have the firm which ordered the timber complaining to headquarters.

Some measurers write down a little pencil-mark for each plank put on the lorry; they use the white part round the address on a postcard. Others count in their heads. You can only see their lips moving, but if spoken to they start counting out loud. If two measurers count together it is fairly safe, because they will probably make the same mistakes and end up with the same number. (This is called checking up, and is partly why there are two measurers to a sawmill.) But the best way is for measurers to tell the lorry-driver they will count them in stacks,

after each stack is on the lorry. This means he will count them first, and then the measurers can go over them again and say they have the same number as he has.

Loading a lorry can take up to three hours, which may make the measurers late in going round and counting the daily output of planks sawn up by the mill. As the planks are stacked in sizes and lengths it should be easy for a measurer to go round making little pencil marks on another postcard and chalking the planks with a blue chalk to show she's counted them. But sometimes, if no lorry has been along that day, a measurer may start counting the planks before they come off the little railway trucks they are pushed round on. They put their blue mark one end of a plank, and then it gets stacked the wrong way, so that the measurer doesn't see it and counts it again the same day. Or, just as a measurer has put down a pencil-stroke on her postcard and is looking for her blue chalk in the sawdust, she thinks she hears a lorry, and this makes her forget if she dropped the chalk before or after she had marked the plank. Or she may put down a couple of strokes very close together on the postcard and wonder if she meant eleven or two. When *this* happens measurers realise they will have to go through the whole stack again, checking it with all the daily outputs since they started at the mill; but they will do anything rather than this, because it makes them around seventeen planks out instead of only nine.

What with one thing and another, measurers at sawmills have little time

to themselves. Sometimes you see them lying on the ground, blowing at a paraffin stove to make it go out. Sometimes they give each other rides on those little railway trucks. Sometimes they even take their cocoa-mugs and put them under nine-by-nine larch blocks to catch the resin, although this spoils the taste of their cocoa for days. So, taking it by and large, I think I can say measurers are a fairly happy, care-free lot. Or they would be if they could think of a way to stop the sawdust getting inside their collars on a windy day. But, as measurers are always reminding each other, timber measuring is *war work*.

NOTICE

PAPER SHORTAGE

Owing to the situation in Scandinavia the supply of paper is drastically curtailed, with the result that our readers may find difficulty in obtaining PUNCH unless an order is given in advance.

To avoid disappointment a definite order for PUNCH weekly should be given immediately to your Newsagent or direct to PUNCH Office. For Subscription Rates see the bottom of the Front Cover.

The Summer Number is now on sale at 1/-, and if unobtainable locally can be supplied direct from PUNCH Office, 10 Bouverie Street, E.C.4., at 1/3, post free.



"It won't be long now—he's just lost another Bishop."

Mechanised Warfare

"THE greatest battle in history has now begun. It is impossible to describe the conflict." I seem to have read these two statements a score of times in the last few days. Neither is strictly accurate. Apart from the official dispatches of the various High Commands and the struggles of journalists, there is one special correspondent who could, I think, have described any conflict, and did, in fact, narrate the details of an even more remarkable battle than the present fight on the Western Front. I am referring to John Milton.

YOU all remember, at least you may all pretend to remember, the scene in which the story was told. It was a pleasant day in Paradise. Our primitive great sire, who had slept well owing to an excellent digestion (Book V, line 4), had listened to Eve's recital of a rather unpleasant dream and had essayed to comfort her. He was sitting at the door of his cool bower, which was approached through groves of myrrh, amongst the odours of cassia, nard, and balm, when he suddenly discerned the approach of a celestial being, who turned out to be none other than the sociable spirit Raphael. Eve busied herself at once in preparing an excellent vegetarian meal of fruit and vegetables, washed down by grape-juice and nut cream. Seated on mounds of mossy turf, and waited on by the mother of mankind in all her simple nudity, the two males fell to their viands, which were highly commended by the angel, who waved aside Adam's apologies for their simplicity. Angels, the poet is careful to explain to us, assimilate their rations in precisely the same way as mere mortal men.

They ate enough but not too much, after which the winged hierarch began to talk and continued to do so, with some encouragement from our great progenitor, until the close of Book VII. He embodied in his narrative what may be called the three principal phases of the first military operations between Right and Wrong. Whatever may be thought of the main scheme of strategy there is no doubt that considerable tactical errors were made on both sides. The intensity of the opening engagement may be judged, and, I think, appreciated, from the following passage—

"Now storming fury rose
And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now
Was never, arms on armour clashing brayed
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd: dire was the noise
Of conflict; overhead the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew
And, flying, vaulted either host with fire."

Or again—

"Deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
That war and various, sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight, then, soaring on main wing
Tormented all the air; all air seemed then
Conflicting fire."

After the opposing elements had for some time established contact in this manner, Satan decided that Michael was the most important objective, and made a personal attack upon him. The Archangel was not unprepared. He had the initial advantage of possessing a sword so well-tempered that "neither keen nor solid might resist that edge," and he did not hesitate to use it. He hit back hard at Satan and "the griding sword with discontinuous wound passed

through him." This stroke established an initial advantage and caused a stream of nectarous humour to issue from our great adversary. But the damage was not irreparable. Old angels never die. The hostile generalissimo, though gnashing for anguish and despite and shame, soon healed; and a similar check to Moloch, who had been down-cloven to the waist by Gabriel, our Second-in-Command, had no more permanent results. True it is that the infernal host was cast back in confusion and dire disorder while the inviolable Saints

"In cubic phalanx firm, advanced entire
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd,"

but the enemy concentrations had another shot in their locker. They withdrew to prepared positions in the rear of their first line, and held a council of war. A subordinate commander named Nisroch "his riven arms to havoc hewn," pointed out the necessity of some new method of assault, and the C.-in-C. immediately supplied one. He sent his pioneers off to invent gunpowder; and not long afterwards Zophiel, of Cherubin the swiftest wing and apparently holding some job in the celestial M.I., announced—

"Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching, gross and huge, in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginry impal'd
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep
To hide the fraud."

This was a serious set-back. The Arch-fiend gave the order to the vanguard of his army to deploy the front to right and left, and what I maintain to have been the most interesting bombardment in history at once began. The infernal batteries were served with extraordinary efficiency—

"... at each behind
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire,"

and the effect of the first discharge was terrific.

"Immediate in a flame
But soon obscured with smoke, all Heav'n appeared
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chained thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes: which on the victor host
Levell'd with such impetuous fury smote
That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand."

Angels and Archangels, in fact, were bowled over by thousands, the more easily on account of their armour, which made them (the poet assures us) less mobile; and it would not be fitting to state here (since this is not an ecclesiastical journal) by what glorious intervention of the Divine Providence the battle was finally turned in favour of the Hosts of Heaven. Enough that it was turned. The Enemy H.Q. and all hostile units were hurled through the parapets of the sky, and fell for nine days without parachutes or equipment to the place where they now belong, and though Moloch, the principal die-hard on the General Staff, advocated a continuation of armed war, the counsel of Beelzebub prevailed, and the activities of the Fifth Column, by way of the Garden of Eden and the fruit of that forbidden tree, were called into play.

It is a very moving anecdote, and I advise modern descriptive reporters to study it.

EVOE.



FATHER TO SON

"My friends will be your friends. Fight on."



"Am I supposed to identify her—or is she supposed to identify me?"

The World of Music

THE Rhythmic Sugar Plums, under the direction of Mr. Lennie Burbidge, were already rehearsing when Oswald crept diffidently into the ballroom of the Hotel Splendide. Nobody paid any attention as he skirted the upturned tables on his way to the orchestra's platform.

"Some of you palookas," the maestro was saying in nasal accents from which traces of his native Bermondsey had yet to be eradicated, "don't seem to know whether to blow it or suck it. Try to remember this is a *class* orchestra, you lugs, on the air regular!"

The brass section, comprised of three sallow and embittered young Plums, blew gently into its mouthpieces and regarded the speaker unemotionally.

"Get this good," continued Mr.

Burbidge, whose golfing costume was given a distinctive note by a black bow-tie, so small that it scarcely concealed his stud—"the number opens with four bars empty from the thumper—if one shows up—"

An indignant chorus rose.

"Whaddya mean, Lennie—if one shows up?"

"How do we get along with no thumper?"

"We gotta have a thumper, Len!"

Oswald, who had been listening with interest, coughed respectfully and stepped forward hat in hand.

"Excuse me," he said, "but are you Mr. Lennie Burbidge?"

"So what if I am?"

"I'm from Mr. Jacobson's agency—a pianist, you know."

The wrinkles of suspicion were sponged from the great man's shallow brow.

"That's swell, that's great, that's okay," he said. "Boys, meet the dep. thumper. Meet the boys, thumper. What name, pal?"

"Oswald Boswell," said Oswald.

"Ha-ha!" observed the drummer unexpectedly, and at once busied himself with the adjustment of his bass-drum pedal. The tenor-saxophone player, a thin rat-faced man, blew a few drops contemptuously from his water-key.

"Straight or dance?" he demanded brusquely.

"Er—straight," said Oswald.

In the hush which followed this announcement there was an exchange

of apprehensive glances. The tenor-saxophone player scowled horribly.

"Shopang? Bark? 'Monastery Garden'?" he snarled.

"Well—er—symphony orchestras chiefly. I'm a flautist, really, but I play the piano as well . . ."

Hoarse whispers filled the air in a menacing buzz.

"What's 'e say he is, Arthur?"

"Flortist or sump'n."

"What's that?"

"Search me."

As these comments were summed up in a stale musical pleasantry from the trombone, Oswald felt the resentful gaze of a dozen pairs of eyes.

Mr. Burbidge cleared his throat loudly.

"Well, boys," he said, "it can't be helped. Time's short and we gotta make the best of it. Don't let's razz the little guy on account of he's only a learner." To Oswald he added, "Okay, rugged. The box of strings is yours."

"Mr. Burbidge means," said the guitar-player in tones of some refinement, "that you may now take your seat at the piano-fort-e, Mr. Oswald Boswell."

This witticism was greeted with laughter, and one of the alto-saxophone players gave vent to a bar or two of Morse in his upper register.

"Okay," said the maestro, shaking out his plus-fours with the air of a man whose time is money, "we'll try a run through 'Hot an' Heavy.' I give you two, remember, and we cut the intro to go straight in the double-bar with four bars umpty on the dominoes. Okay, boys? Okay! *One, two!*"

There was a deathly silence for four bars precisely. All eyes were turned towards the piano.

"What about Ozzy?" demanded the bass-player. "Where wozzy?"

"Dreaming 'e was at the Bextine 'All," said the tenor-saxophone player.

"I'm very sorry," said Oswald, standing up—"but it says *tacet* in my score . . ."

"Ha-ha!" exploded the drummer.

"Now look, Ozzy," said Mr. Burbidge patiently, "you don't want worry about the dots, not when you're part of a class rhythm section. I say I want four bars umpty lead-in, so you don't worry about what's wrote, see?"

"'Hot an' Heavy's' too smart for a new boy," said the tenor-saxophone player, revolving a reed in his mouth. "Let's start him on a sweet one. Something simple, Lennie."

"What about 'Pa an' Ma in Armour'?" said the first trumpet-player.

"Okay, okay," said Mr. Burbidge

with a glance at his watch. "Find him his dots, somebody!"

A panoramic score entitled "Parlez Moi d'Amour" was thrust under Oswald's nose.

"Just keep beating it out in threes," said the maestro. "Okay, boys? Okay! One, two, three!"

The saxophones burgeoned into saccharine harmony. Oswald, reading with care, beat it out in threes for one hundred and sixty bars, until the voice of the trombone died away with a last falsetto quiver.

"Too thin," said the guitar-player. "Farmed it all out on me and Arthur."

"Too loud," said the tenor-saxophone player. "My pianissimo special was drowned right out."

Oswald said apologetically that he was playing what he had in his score.

"I was afraid you was," said Mr. Burbidge. "But what you got in the dots is only a sorter clue, see? Tell you what, boys, we're forgetting Ozzy's classical. We gotta make him feel at home. We'll do List's 'Leberstrawm,' boys. Find Ozzy's dots, somebody!"

There was a rebellious stirring in the ranks.

"Aw, can it, Len!" shouted the drummer.

"Where's List get us?" pouted the bass-player.

"Don't give us that stuff, Len!" whined the first trumpet-player. "We got plenty of good numbers. What about 'He Said She Said'?"

The saxophone section sprang to its feet in support.

"Cut out the classical, Len!"

"Who wants all that almond-icing?"

"Yeah, put on a hot one, Len!"

The trombonist and the tenor-saxophone player climbed on their chairs, bawling, "'Tiger,' Lennie, 'Tiger'! Four shipwrecks of the 'Tiger,' Len, juster warm us up!"

"Skiddly - widdly - WAH - skiddly - WAH-chi-CHAH!" added the tenor-saxophone player, his gaunt features filling out under the sudden pressure of blood.

Mr. Lennie Burbidge threw up his hands.

"Now ain't you lugs got temp'raments," he said indulgently. "Okay, boys, 'Tiger' it is then. Okay?"

"Okay!" roared the Sugar Plums, settling themselves in their chairs and beginning to nuzzle their instruments fondly.

Oswald rose to his feet.

"Could I have some music—er—dots?" he ventured.

"Haaaa-HA! Ha-HaaaaAAAAH!"

The drummer was gazing about him with streaming eyes. "That I should live," he choked, "to hear a thumper

wanting dots for the 'Tiger'! Ha-HA! Dots for the 'Tiger'!"

Oswald looked at his employer.

"Don't pay no attention to the boys," said Mr. Burbidge. "You know what musicians are. They don't know no better. The Tiger's just an everyman-for-himself number, Ozzy. All the right guys know it, so we don't have dots for it any more. When I beat two, you thump out four-in-a-bar in E-flat until you done four 32-bar shipwrecks, and then stop. See?"

"I see," said Oswald.

"Okay. Okay? Okay! *One, two!*"

And hell broke loose.

The feet of the Rhythmic Sugar Plums pounded the stage, their eyes protruded, their fingers flew like lightning, their well-greased hair fell into their eyes. Over and over again their lungs were filled to capacity and exploded in relentless cacophony. The Hotel Splendide rocked on its expensive foundations.

At first, fingers poised over the keyboard, Oswald strained his ears for a guide to the harmonies, but presently he gave up in despair and dropped his hands on his knees. Nobody took any notice of him. The maestro was conducting with closed eyes, jerking an arm spasmodically and bouncing up and down on the ball of one foot.

"Skaaaaaar - ti - skiddly - widdly - skaaaaaar!" screamed the rat-faced saxophone-player, expelling his instrument from his mouth for the purpose. "Skaaaaar - ti - skiddly - WAH - ti - skiddly - SKAAAAAR - ti - CHAH!" The brass section pointed its weapons heavenwards and squeezed out a succession of high staccato notes, apparently outside their instruments' legitimate compass and only achieved by means of startling physical contortions.

When silence fell at last it was broken only by the laboured breathing of the Rhythmic Sugar Plums. They sat regarding one another with a weary exhilaration, wagging their heads in articulately in admiration of each other's stamina.

It was with quiet resignation that Oswald saw the maestro approaching, and he rose to accept his *congé* without flinching. But a friendly hand patted his shoulder.

"Fine, pal, fine!" said the chief Rhythmic Sugar Plum. "So you've gotten a hold of it now! Was Ozzy okay, boys?"

"Okay!" chorused the panting Plums.

"Okay, then," said Mr. Burbidge.

"Okay," said Oswald faintly, thrusting his hands deep in his pockets out of harm's way. "I think I've gotten a hold of it now."

At the Pictures

LIGHT STUFF AND "THE POSTMAN"

I MUST say I wonder how they are going to deal with the Great Change that must come in the stories for DEANNA DURBIN pictures. In her next film, or perhaps her next but one, the "angle" will have to alter completely. Hitherto, nine-tenths of the effects have depended on the amusing charm of the young thing being disproportionately serious; more than half the time we have been expected to laugh ("tender raillery" is probably the trade name) at the little girl behaving as if she were grown-up and assuming that she knows better than anyone else. Now this attitude of amusement—never mind what at—in an audience, above a certain age in a player, makes the player a comedian. I can't imagine that they want Miss DURBIN to go on appearing funny in herself after she is, say, nineteen; a dominant, grown-up heroine cannot be allowed to seem funny. A radical change must therefore come in the stories of her films. I am all agog to see whether the problem can be solved short of her retirement. . . .

Meanwhile we have *It's a Date* (Director: WILLIAM A. SEITER), which gets the laughs in the old way, well enough. The girl and her mother (KAY FRANCIS), a famous actress, are rivals for a part and for a man (WALTER PIDGEON); the girl doesn't know her mother wants the man, the mother doesn't know her daughter wants the part. Misunderstandings, self-sacrifice, charm, plenty of song, good small-part playing, and all the usual qualities that make you go to see a DURBIN film. No reason at all, that I can see, why you should stay away. On the other hand, if you are apathetic I do not feel called upon to try to rouse you.

I don't know why I should think it necessary to apologise for admitting that I thoroughly enjoy a picture like *Road to Singapore* (Director: VICTOR SCHEERTZINGER) when it's well done; but somehow I do. I made this confession in print once before, apropos of a film not so good, I think, as this. *Road to Singapore* is a (more or less) "musical," with many first-class wisecracks, admirably put over—mostly by BING

CROSBY and BOB HOPE, who make an excellent comedy team. Singapore, and even the road to Singapore, have no



[It's a Date]

THE "STOWAWAYS" ACCOMPLICE

John Arlen WALTER PIDGEON
Pamela Drake DEANNA DURBIN

bearing on the story whatever; nearly all the action passes in a spot called Kaigoon, where *Josh Mallon* (Mr.



[Road to Singapore]

THE SPOT THEY CHOSE FOR AMOROUS ESCAPE

Josh Mallon BING CROSBY
Ace Lannigan BOB HOPE

CROSBY) and *Ace Lannigan* (Mr. HOPE) are living in comfortable squalor until *Mima*, a native girl (DOROTHY LAMOUR—and guess what she has on), comes to clean the place up for them. *Josh* is the son of a shipping magnate (CHARLES COBURN is probably as tired of this "heavy father" part as we are), but prefers knocking about the world with *Ace* to settling down as a business man. The whole thing is really only a framework for songs and comedy, perfectly unimportant as a contribution to the art of the cinema and with no deeper significance at all; but it is brilliantly amusing entertainment, and I believe most of you would enjoy it as much as I did. I have a strong wish to see again that sequence near the beginning involving the song about "Captain Custard."

Another thing that I enjoyed was *The Amazing Mr. Williams* (Director: ALEXANDER HALL), an amusing detective story with MELVYN DOUGLAS and JOAN BLONDELL.

But we take a dive into gloom with *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, or rather *Le Dernier Tournant* (Director: PIERRE CHENAL), a French adaptation of that work. It is all very well to talk about a "sordid story," but the fact remains that this is worth seeing, and well worth seeing, for the skill with which it is made. One gets the atmosphere of the isolated petrol-station where the tramp (FERNAND GRAVET) and the wife (CORINNE LUCHAIRE) of the simple good-natured owner (MICHEL SIMON) fall in love with such disastrous results; one gets a real knowledge of these principal characters, a genuine feeling that each has a "background," an impression of what it is. This quality is common to most of the French films we see over here, and is all too rare in the average cinema programme. To many of you I must seem to be always labouring this too obvious point, but I would like to get into the heads of the others the fact that the story of a film may be tragic, brutal, and even, in outline, offensive, without making any difference to one's active enjoyment of superb acting, brilliant pictorial effects (the balancing of light and dark scenes here is most satisfying), and highly intelligent direction. Unfortunately I know very well that those of you who haven't realised this already will never believe it.

R. M.

Mr. Mafferty Sums Up

"WHY did I vote for Mister Chamberlain?" said Mr. Mafferty. "I'll tell you. Because I believe in him, like the new Prime Minister. That's one thing. An' there's another thing. I didn't vote for Mister Chamberlain only. I voted for Mister Chamberlain an' Mr. Churchill together. A long time ago, at the time of Munich, I wrote to the papers to say I wanted the two of them together, for weren't they the grand combination, surely? Then, when the war begins, we had the two of them together, an' it's content I was: an' it wasn't for one smack in the face the like of Norway I'd be throwin' them over at all. Now we have the two of them together again, an' it's meself is content once more. They've different fellers with them, it's true; but no man can say to-day will they be better than the men that was before. Some of 'em, it seems to me, is no more than changes for the sake of changes, the way a fine lady puts on a new dress an' feels better—an' maybe there's somethin' in that.

"I hope it's a good omelette we have now, surely, for 'twas a quare unpleasant business, the breakin' of the eggs. It's praisin' the House of Commons they are to-day, an' it doin' the right thing at last. Maybe that's the truth of it; there was few men wasn't wishful for a change here an' there. But it was the wrong way we did the right thing, I'm thinkin'. There's a debate about the expedition to Norway. It begins with Norway an' it ends with Norway, an' there's a little Norway in the middle. But the votin' afterwards is about everythin' but Norway, about agriculture, an' the cost of livin', an' Mister Chamberlain's face, an' the number of tanks, an' Manchuria, an' Mister Chamberlain's face, an' the trainin' of air-pilots, an' Abyssinia, an' Mister Chamberlain's face, an' this an' that. Mister Churchill's as deep in Norway as Mister Chamberlain, an' maybe deeper, by reason of the Navy. But at the latter end Mister Chamberlain goes down a peg an' Mister Churchill goes up one, because we sent a small force only to Norway, an' took it away safely. An' the next day Mister Hitler invades Holland an' a few more places an' makes the whole world glad an' grateful we sent a small force only to Norway an' took 'em away safely. Is it a crazy world, or is it not? Mister Haddock, Sir, that's no way, I'm thinkin', to be castin' out a British Prime Minister has served

his country well, as Mister Churchill himself said; an' bedad, it's the two of them has acted finely from first to last of the business.

"Still, 'tis the good old English way, you're tellin' me, to use a screw-driver for diggin' out a cork, an' then you say 'Well, anyway, the cork is out'; an' maybe there's somethin' in that likewise. 'Tis grand an' movin', truly, to see the English debatin' an' arguin' an' changin' Ministers with the enemy at Rotterdam. 'Swappin' horses in the midstream, is it? By no means. 'Tis swappin' Wellin'tons in the middle of Waterloo ye are; an' good luck to you.

"An' let no man say again the Parliamentary machine is slow. Sure, it seems slow, like a small fat frog; but you know the way a frog can move, an' it snatchin' a fly. You can change your Government as quick as you change your King; an' no man can say fairer than that. There's many a German, I'm thinkin', an' many an Eyetalian, is wishin' he had some machinery as quick. An' if ugly things is said in public in this place it's nothin', I'm thinkin', to the things would be said if the German Parliament was a Parliament at all.

"Still, I hope there won't be the same debatin' an' talkin' when the enemy's at Dover—an' he's not so far away. Parliament has shown itself a good thing in this war, an' all the

other wars: but let's not be overdooin' it. They say in the papers sometimes it's idle we are and not sittin' enough. I'm thinkin' maybe we sit too much. It's a sad, strange thing to see Mister Churchill an' Mister Chamberlain sittin' listenin' to long speeches with a tiger at the door. It's right an' proper to tell us how the war's proceedin' from time to time; but let's not be havin' an inquest after every battle. In Napoleon's army, they said, there was a field-marshal's baton in every soldier's knapsack. In the House of Commons we're more fortunate still; for most of the Members has the flag of a Rear-Admiral tucked away as well. I'd give the Members more to do outside the House an' less to do inside it. It was a mistake, surely, to say they mustn't be workin' for the Government annywhere unless they're in the Government or the fightin' services. Let them be scattered about the machinery at all points, the way they'd know what's goin' on, an' wouldn't be criticisin' without good cause an' information: an' if there's annythin' wrong they can come to Parliament an' say a quiet word to the Minister. There's good brains an' fine souls goin' to waste in that place, an' itchin' only for somethin' to do besides talkin' an' listenin'. An' that's the way you get your gossip an' suspicion an' gloom, an' hard words for the Government, whatever it is.

"But now it's meself is talkin' too much. Away with me! God bless Mister Churchill, is the grand man of his time, an' Mister Chamberlain likewise. God save the King an' Parliament an' people: an' may the rats bite Hitler's belly!" A. P. H.



"Good heavens! I wonder what I did right!"

An Appeal

O SOLDIER fighting now in France,
If you should e'er disarm
Adolf the Fuehrer by good chance,
Do him, I pray, no harm!

Some folk are predatory. Blame
No creature's ravagings,
But treat the jackal just the same
As graminivorous things.

If Hitler leaps on others' lands,
Does not a tiger too?
So, if he fall into your hands,
Present him to the Zoo.

ANON (F.Z.S.)



"We calculate the shell will fall roughly between Nos. 12 and 14, High Street, N.W. 42."

From the Home Front

Strange Interlude

"HOW'S your Trig?" said the Captain.

"Trig?" said the Candidate.

"Trigonometry," said the Captain. "Sines and cosines and things."

"Oh, Trig," said the Candidate. "Good Lord, Sir. The heights of towers and the distance between two ships observed from a lighthouse. Does all that sort of thing still go on?"

"Pretty rusty, I suppose?" said the Captain.

"Ferruginous to a degree," said the Candidate.

"Right," said the Captain, who had a dislike of long words.

The Colonel too made no secret of the fact that trigonometry was a desirable asset in certain branches of the Army. Triangles, he pointed out, were always cropping up in warfare and somebody had got to solve the damned things. You might have two sides of the triangle given, the Colonel said, and it might be a matter of national importance to find the length of the third, so what were you going to do without trigonometry?

"Use Pythagoras," said the Candidate.

The Colonel said he hadn't thought of that and made a note of it, as an interesting suggestion to be forwarded to Brigade. All the same, he said, the Candidate had probably better have a Course in Mathematics to rub up this trigonometry business.

"Right, Sir," said the Candidate, who liked a Course now and then, to make a change.

So the Candidate was taken away in an enormous Army lorry, in the company of fourteen trestles, iron, which had been sent from H.Q. by mistake, and three soldiers, assorted, who also yearned after a knowledge of sines and cosines. They sang songs as they went and pointed out to one another the beauties of the countryside, who did not in all cases wave back. Also they discussed the possibility of wangling some leave.

The Candidate found, when the Course started, that he could not begin to rub up his trigonometry until he had rubbed up his algebra, and very soon he was writing down, with a strange nostalgia,

$$x^2y^2 + 3x^2y - 5xz$$

and underneath that

$$x^2y^2 - 2x^2y + 5xz^2$$

and then attempting to add them together. This afforded him considerable satisfaction, because after all these years he remembered that when you added x^2y^2 to x^2y^2 all you got was $x^2y^2 + x^2y^2$, and that was the end of that. "Some of the fools here," he said to himself, "will think it makes x^2y^2 "; and some of the fools did. The Candidate might have become quite insufferable if he had not been asked immediately afterwards to subtract the first expression from the second. "Of course," he said to himself—too late, "you change the signs and add." This mistake shook him abruptly out of his complacency. After all, we are not going to do very well in this war if the officers of to-morrow are going to forget to change the signs and add.

Old students of algebra will understand that nothing gave the Candidate greater pleasure throughout the whole Course than to take a whacking great expression, full of a^2 's and b^2 's, and $a^2 + 2ab + b^2$'s, and $\frac{a+b}{a-b}$'s, and decontaminate it by taking out brackets, and factorising and putting it all over the same what-d'you-call-it—cancelling things out, until in the end the whole monstrous construction boiled down to a or 1 or, in exceptional cases, 0 .

It was also found necessary to do some geometry, and this the Candidate resented. It is all very well to prove that the opposite angles of a cyclic quadrilateral together make up 180 degrees; it is not so good to be called upon to do examples (or "riders," as we used to say) on this interesting proposition. The Candidate found that when he had three intersecting circles, containing in all some seven quadrilaterals, all the angles of which were equal to 180 degrees minus some other angle, which was itself equal to three other angles standing on the same chord, he was inclined to forget at an advanced stage of his investigations what it could be he wanted to prove. Sometimes, after half an hour's work, he was able to prove that an angle was equal to itself. It was fun, however, in a changing world to find that in any triangle the side opposite the greatest angle is still greater than the sides opposite the lesser angles.

"Now that we have refreshed our memories of elementary algebra and geometry," said the instructor, at the end of a hard day's wrestle with the properties of tangents, "we can go straight ahead with trigonometry to-morrow."

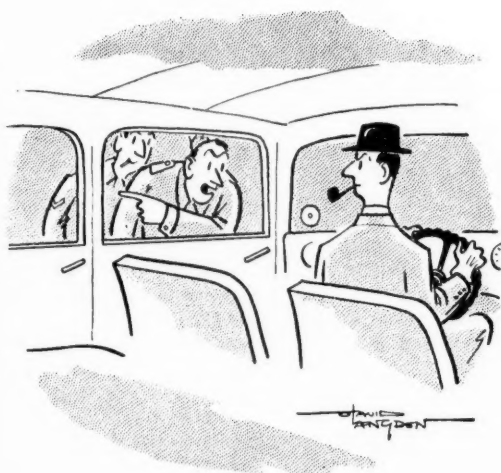
Next day he announced that the Course had for some reason been cancelled.

"Right," said the Candidate, who had had enough of it.
H. F. E.

o o

Inlanders

"New York says that the Germans have landed in rubber boots along the coast."—*Evening Paper*.



"Thanks for stopping. You don't happen to be going in the opposite direction, old chap, do you?"

Behind the Lines

XXXIII.—The Land of the Free

EVIL has struck again:
Again the broken faith.
And little homely lives of happiness—
The mother knitting in her rocking-chair,
The daughter, laughing, holding out proud hands
To where her baby stands
Bashful, uncertain, in its party dress—
Are twisted into fear,
Are tortured into pain,
Are closed in death.

Well, are you coming in?
It's a fight between Good and Evil,
It's a fight between God and the Devil.
Where do you stand to-day?
Which are you for? You have chosen, yes,
But is it enough for men to bless
The men who fight, and to turn away?
Is it enough for women to cry,
And to say "Poor things" when the innocent die?
Is it enough to give your prayers,
And then—go back to your own affairs?
It's a fight for all that you counted dear,
It's a fight for all that you fought to win;
The fight is on, and the issue clear:
Good or Evil,
God or the Devil . . .
Well, are you coming in?

Yes, "War is Hell."
But Peace is Hell if it's Peace with the Devil in power,
Yet, if this is not your quarrel and not your hour,
If you have chosen Peace you have chosen well.

But scatter your armies, burn your ships,
Tear the breech-block out of the gun;
Never again can you fight who fight not now,
No rallying-call can ever rise to your lips,
There lives no Faith to which you can make your vow.
There is no Cause to fight for: only the one,
Only one gage of battle, only one battle-song:
Right against Wrong. A. A. M.

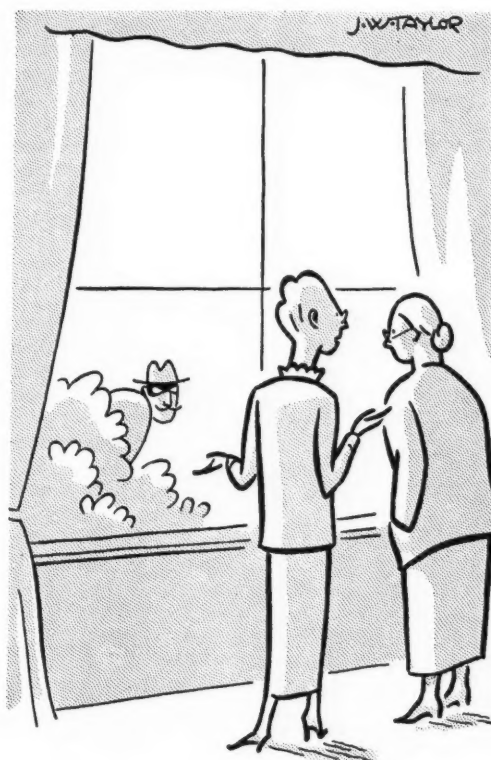
TOC H

In the first six months of the war over 200 Service Clubs, in all parts of the country, were initiated by Toc H.

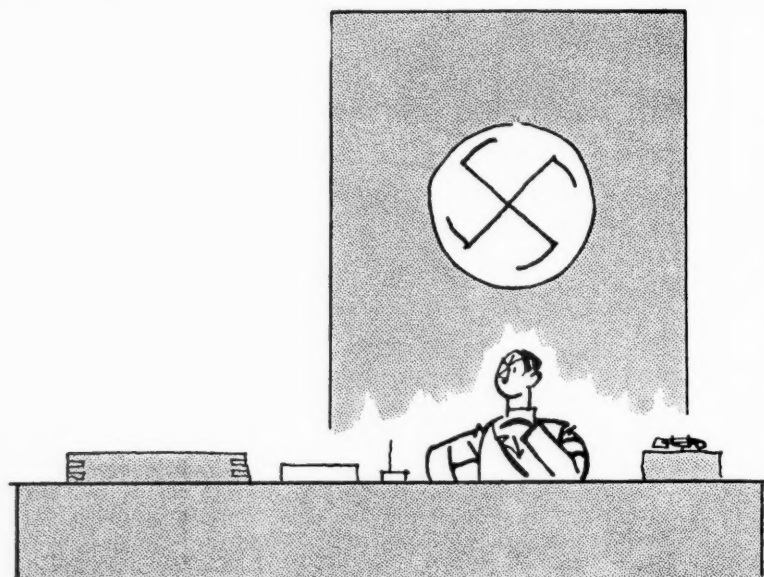
Talbot House in 1915 was—and is again in 1940—much more than a canteen. It is a homely place where a man can not merely amuse himself for an hour, but talk with friends, read a book, write a letter, and worship if he will.

Some of the Toc H Service Clubs are maintained and staffed by Toc H Headquarters. Others are the responsibility of local Toc H Branches and Groups. Others again are co-operative ventures of the whole community, in many cases due to local initiative, for which Toc H members supply a large proportion of the man-power running them.

Contributions, especially from those who served in the last war and have happy memories of this splendid institution, will be gratefully received at the Headquarters, 47, Francis Street, London, S.W.1.



"I don't want to start a scare, but oughtn't we to report it?"



"Pardon, my Fuehrer, I did not quite catch the word that came before 'am unquestionably the greatest man that ever lived.'"

Britain

[*"There are no longer islands."*—Hitler.]

BUT still the sea rings her about,
The wild hawks that she breeds
fly out,
The white sea-mist about her lies
Showing her island 'neath the skies.

But still the cold blue water laves
Her shores, her sea-dogs scour the
waves,
As valiant as in other years,
With island eyes and island ears.

But still her music is the tides
Beating against her rocky sides,
Her hymn the ever-changing chant
That keeps an island vigilant.

And island still she claims to be
In strength and in tenacity,
In freedom, faith, and hardihood—
An island, with an island brood.

o o

Local Boy and Girl Make Good

Following their success in a charity concert at the Parish Opera, Gracie Fields and Maurice Chevalier are to star together in an Anglo-French film."

Suburban Paper.

Hist !

LUNCH had perhaps dulled their eyes a little and rendered their breathing a trifle stertorous, but it had in no way affected their sense of caution. My presence at the next table seemed for some reason to arouse suspicious thoughts of the Fifth Column. I could see from their glances they were bearing me in mind.

"How's that boy of yours getting on?" inquired the sallow gentleman, lighting a cigarette.

"Fine," replied the other, a brick-red heavyweight. "He's expecting his third any time now."

The sallow man removed the cigarette and regarded his friend intently for a moment. He appeared to be wrestling with some unsatisfactory calculation.

"Expecting his third what?"

Their table rocked alarmingly as the stout gentleman shifted sideways in his chair and thrust out a massive arm. He traced a chevron on the sleeve.

"Ah!" exclaimed the other, enlightened. "Let's see, he's in the inf—inf—P.B.I., isn't he?"

The stout man shook his head and picked up a knife. He slowly elevated the blade towards the ceiling and said, "Boom!"

His companion's brow clouded.

"Boom?"

"Phsssst! Bang!" explained the stout man, and, tossing a podgy hand aloft, brought it crashing down on to the table. A wineglass, escaping from under it, reeled over the edge and disintegrated musically on the floor.

"I get you!" ejaculated the other, as a waiter hurried up and reverently removed the remains.

Both gentlemen glanced triumphantly at me. "Make what you can of that!" their glances seemed to say.

"Still in the same place?" asked the sallow man—"where he was before, I mean?"

The other shook his head again.

"No; he's been moved from where he was before to somewhere else."

"Far away?"

The stout man pondered deeply.

"Well—er—farish," he said cautiously.

"Have they had many of 'em over where he is now?" pursued the sallow gentleman.

The stout one inserted a thick finger in his collar. His eyes began to glaze; then, as a droning sound broke from his companion's lips, they cleared again.

"Ah, I see what you mean. Yes, they've had 'em over in droves."

"Many been shot — er — brought . . . ?" The sallow man flung his hand up and brought it down out of control into his coffee. This time the head waiter graced the disaster with his august presence, and accepting all the blame, generously shared it with his subordinate as they departed. To judge from the fluttering of their hands they too had become infected by the passion for gesturing.

"Well, have they?" resumed the sallow gentleman, pouring a little coffee out of his sleeve.

The other held up eight fingers and then, lowering them, extended a single one and crossed it with another.

That beat us both. Two brows were badly clouded this time. As far as I could gather, the fat man's son was a corporal who had been moved from where he was before to somewhere else and had brought down eight and a half enemy aircraft. What, I wondered, had happened to the other half?

The sallow man shared my bewilderment, and expressed it by depressing one eyebrow and raising the other. The effect was malevolent in the extreme, but it produced the desired result.

"Shot eight down," explained the stout gentleman in a grating whisper that rang through the restaurant, "and badly damaged another."

So that was it. Half-killed it, as it were.

"Good work!" approved the sallow man. "Were they?"—his lips soundlessly formed the word, "bombers?"

The stout man shook his head. "No, they were"—he lifted half-clenched fists to his eyes and peered through them.

The other's eyebrows soared. His mouth fell open.

"Racegoers?" his baffled expression seemed to ask. "Theatre-goers?"

The stout man tried again. He directed an imaginary camera at the carpet, and even went so far as to remove an imaginary film and study it against the light. His imagination,

however, evidently boggled at the task of developing it first.

His companion made desperate efforts to follow him, but it was obvious that his deductive powers were beginning to crack under the strain. Chronic irritation set in.

"What the blazes d'you mean?" he snapped irascibly. "What were they?"

The other gave him a warning look and leaned heavily over the table.

"Re — re — re," he whispered — "dammit! what *is* the word? It's on the tip of my tongue. Re something or other."

"Reconnaissance planes?" I suggested helpfully.

Both gentlemen started violently. They bent upon me a look of awful suspicion, as though their worst fears had been suddenly realised. The stout one held up his finger in a gesture which the waiter had no difficulty in reading as a request for the bill.

They rose hurriedly. I caught the words "scandalous" and "intern the lot" as they passed down the room. At the door they turned to give me a final threatening stare.

I raised my hand in a gesture intended to convey that I was of pure British descent and that their secrets were safe with me. But it was a mistake. A look of horror spread over their features. They thought I was heiling Hitler.

o o

Babel

"I shouted 'Maintenant, puis! Maintenant, puis!' but either he didn't hear, or he didn't understand French."

Letter from B.E.F. Subaltern.

o o

"Grandmother-clock (time piece) by Robotta Barnsley Fecit (about 1690) in old oak case."—Advt. in "The Times."

We'd rather have an engraving by Sculpt.

Last Straws

WHEN ten people have trodden on your toes in a bus, you think in your wrath that the eleventh person has done it eleven times.

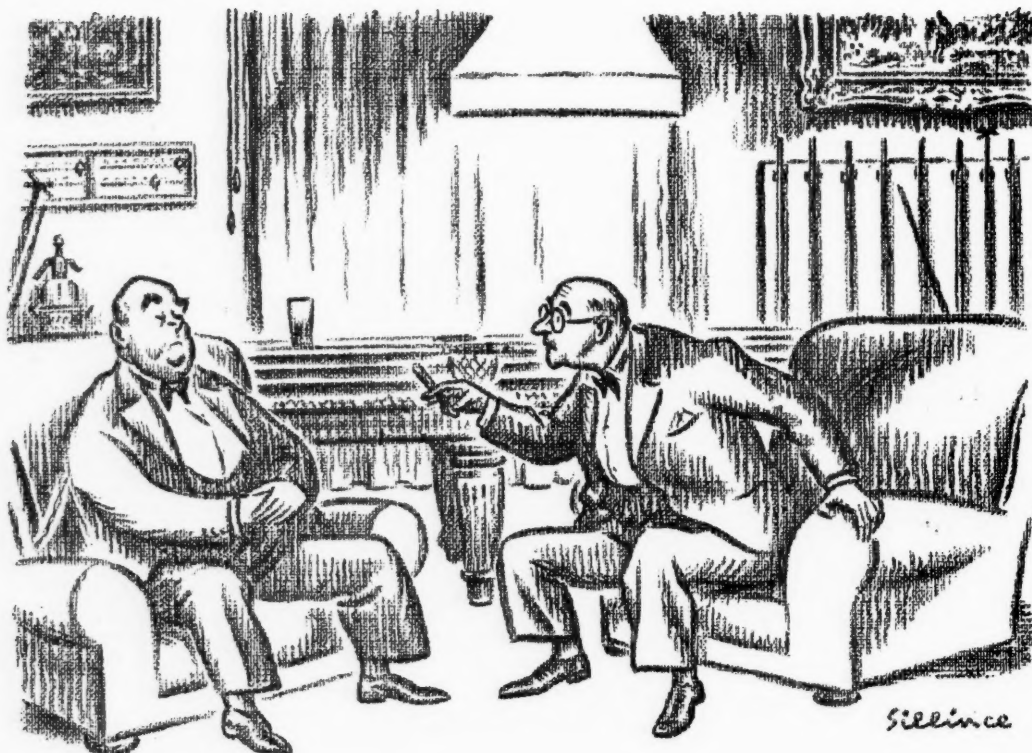
* * * * *

There is a slight similarity between foot-treaders and people who send in bills. When ten bills come in on you from ten different directions (some of them possibly saying "Dear Sir,—Unless . . .") you think the tradesmen are ganging up to do you down in unison, having planned your encirclement in whispering secret conclave; And you think the eleventh envelope will be a Round Robin.

But, thank heaven, the man who sends the eleventh bill does not know of the other ten.

Probably.





"My dear fellow, but for our scientists we'd still be fighting with bows and arrows."

Our Lecture Notes

[NOTE.—*Punch* offers a new service, consisting of a brief assembly of lecture notes on the more encouraging features of every situation with which we are to-day faced. Armed with these notes it is *impossible to be pessimistic*. (Price 6d. each. Increase for quantities.) Below we print our "précis" for any speech in support of the Budget of the present year.]

Introduction.

Allude to Chairman—very briefly.

Mention last occasion when in (or near) neighbourhood. (N.B.—Do not go into details.)

Hospitality. (Emphasise, if being offered hospitality in locality.)

Personal tribute to Chancellor.

Man of integrity.

Courage. Vision. Sincerity, etc.

Anyone doing the job would have had to do the same thing.

Carrying on English tradition.

Always had to pay for wars.

To keep our head above water we must keep our hands in our pockets.

Historical survey.

Danegeld (useless).

Crusades (obscure—avoid detailed reference).

Armada.

Treasure ships. (Do not go into details, as no longer apposite. Stress importance of service rendered in opening up markets to others—pays in the long run. Look at Spain now.)

Waterloo. (Germans drive out Rothschilds—Rothschilds help Disraeli to buy Suez Canal. Suez Canal very important to Hitler now. Illustration of mistakes in propaganda. N.B.—Do not elaborate in detail.)

Paddington.

Wellington.

Great War.

Big-hearted America. Brothers under the skin. America under our skin. Blood more expensive than water. Kindred spirits. Scotch and Irish.

Stars popular.

Shirley Temple.

Hands across the sea.

Inconceivable in Germany.

Germany has no sea so does not understand cricket.

The Budget.

"We must pay as we go."

Where are we going?

Most of the ~~money~~ comes back to us. In wages. (N.B.—Also in poor relief, if interruptions violent here.)

Income-tax most important.

Essential to have income and save—bigger incomes important.

But wages must be stabilised.

Do not let wages and prices chase each other in vicious circle.

Avoid vicious circles. Never know who will win.

That way lies ruin.

Conclusion. Britain facing fearful odds, turning-point in history, very dark future. But calmly and with certainty in justice of cause. Fighting causes very expensive.

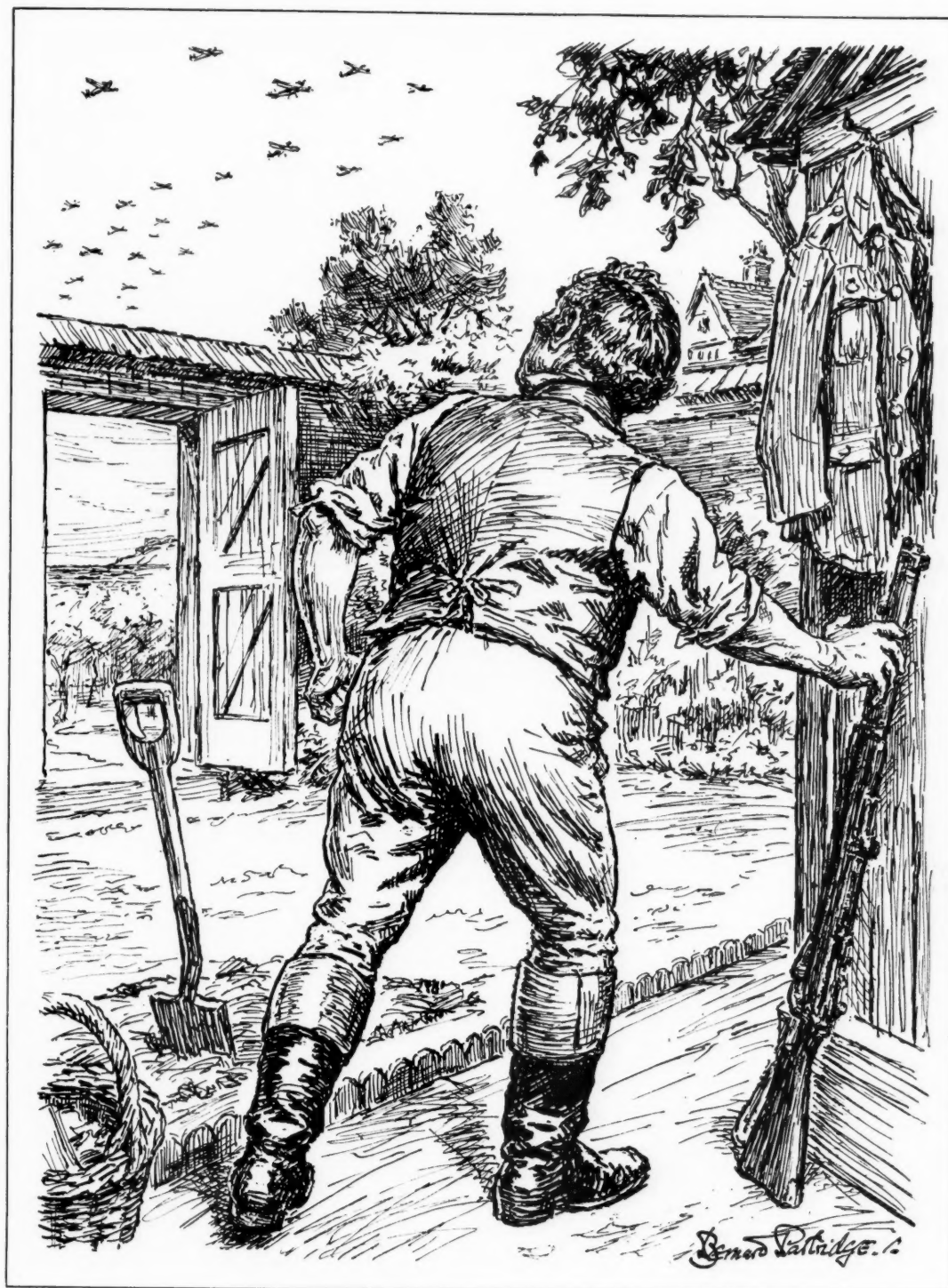
Confidence in future.

Confidence in past.

Confidence in leaders.

Confidence in audience.

Vote of thanks to Chairman.



"AM I AN ISLAND?"

[In two days there were a quarter of a million applicants for service in the Local Defence Volunteers.]



Mr. PUNCH'S HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND

THE Air Force, the Army in France, the men still fighting in Norway, the Navy patrolling the seas, the crews of our minesweepers, the men at searchlight posts and anti-aircraft stations, now, more than ever, are in need of extra comforts such as Balaclava helmets, sea-boot stockings, gloves, mittens and woollen waistcoats.

Apart from these, the Hospitals need supplies for the wounded, medical and surgical appliances of every kind.

Our Fund has already bought and distributed a large amount of raw material to be made into comforts for men serving and for Hospital patients, but there is demand for much more.

If you can spare a contribution will you please address it to: Punch Hospital Comforts Fund, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Impressions of Parliament

Whit Monday, May 13th.—Meeting briefly, both Houses gave the new Administration a stirring reception. In both the motion was the same: "That this House welcomes the formation of a Government representing the united and inflexible resolve of the nation to prosecute the war with Germany to a victorious conclusion." In the Lords it was passed unanimously, and the division forced on the Commons by the preposterous attitude of Mr. MAXTON and Mr. STEPHEN resulted in figures of 381 votes to nil—both these recalcitrant and perverse gentlemen having to act as tellers, who score nothing for their side.

LORD HALIFAX's reference to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's disinterested public spirit brought cheers, the loudness of which were only matched by his estimation of the value to the country of the new P.M.'s imagination, daring, and determination. The attack which had been launched on the Belgian and Dutch peoples without warning and in defiance of scrupulously observed

neutrality, said the FOREIGN SECRETARY, gave the measure of lawless savagery which it was now the duty of civilised nations to stamp out. The Germans had been uniformly treacherous. The new Government of all the parties was our immediate answer. Lord SNELL declared that we had pooled all our strength in order to restore decency on earth, and Lord CREWE, the PRIMATE and others warmly supported the resolution.

MR. CHURCHILL got an immense ovation from the Commons, and having said that he hoped soon to complete his appointments and apologised for the lack of ceremony with which in the emergency he had had to reform the Government, he said: "I would say to the House as I said to those who have joined this Government: 'I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat.' We have before us an ordeal of the most grievous kind. We have before us many, many long months of struggle and of suffering. You ask what is our policy. I will say: 'It is to wage war by sea, land and air with all our might and with all the strength that God can give us, and to wage war against a monstrous tyranny,



AT THE HELM
THE PRIME MINISTER

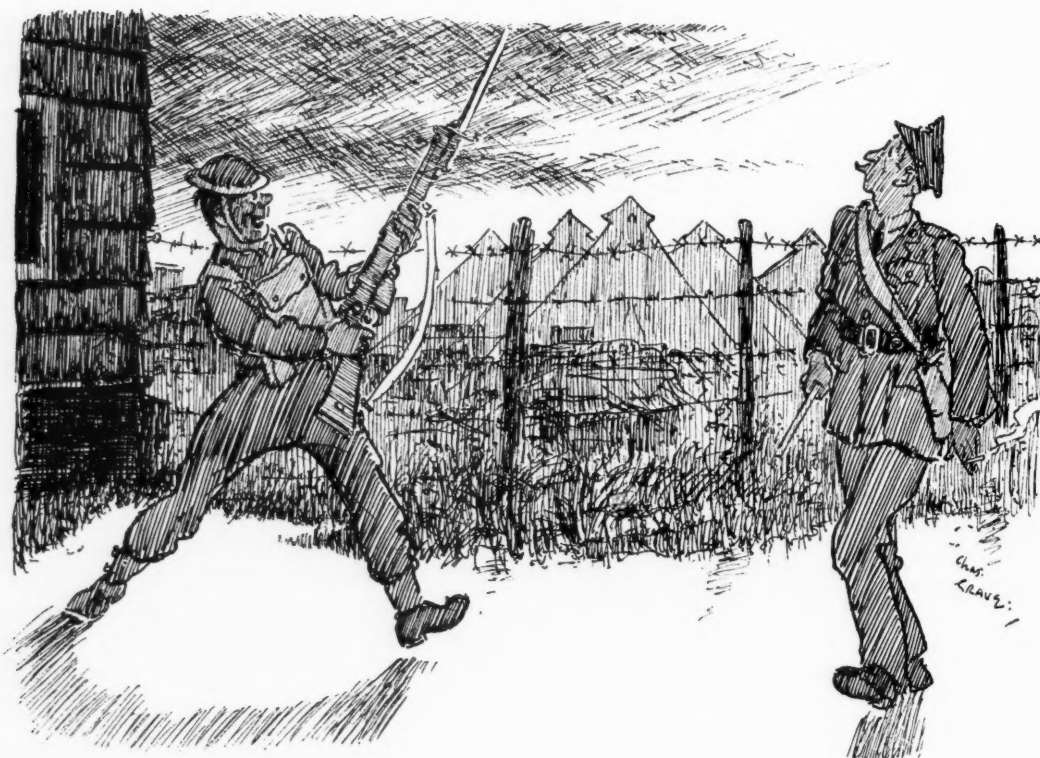
never surpassed in the dark, lamentable catalogue of human crime.' That is our policy. You ask what is our aim. I can answer in one word: It is victory, victory at all costs, victory in spite of all terrors, victory, however long and hard the road may be, for without victory there is no survival—let that be realised—no survival for the British Empire, no survival for all that the British Empire has stood for, no survival for the urge and impulse of the ages, that mankind will move forwards towards its goal. I take up my task with buoyancy and hope, and I feel sure that our cause will not be suffered to fail among men. At this time I feel entitled to claim the aid of all, and I say: 'Come, then, let us go forward with our united strength.'"

Words chosen so perfectly left little else to be said. MR. LEES-SMITH told the House how overwhelmingly the Labour Conference had backed the decision of the party leaders to join the Government. Sir PERCY HARRIS entirely approved of the coalition movement, though he hoped the House would continue to function as a constructive critic. MR. LLOYD GEORGE congratulated jointly the country and MR. CHURCHILL, who he said had been called at a graver moment than had ever confronted a British Prime Minister. MR. MAXTON, so often wise MR. MAXTON, so often witty MR. MAXTON, talked a good deal of unrealistic nonsense. Moved not by him but by a remembrance that history at that moment was unrolling yet another of her bloody canvases not very far away, the House broke up. Until, barring emergencies, May 21st.



"NOW ALL ARE FOR THE STATE"

R.A.F., SIR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR (Lib.); ARMY, MR. EDEN (Cons.);
NAVY, MR. ALEXANDER (Lab.)



"Halt, Major Chetwood! Who goes there?"

Table Talk

"I FEEL ashamed," said Belinda, "sitting here eating." "No need to be ashamed," said her brother Johnnie. "It's a very respectable restaurant. Look at all the Anglo-Indians and the old trout behind you with hair like a pagoda; they wouldn't be here if it wasn't."

"Weren't," I said.

"This isn't a time to quibble about subjunctives," said Belinda. "I mean that it's extravagant of us."

"I don't see it," said Johnnie. "Old George here is paying. I call it dashed economical of us."

Belinda pointed out that he was speaking as an individual, not as a member of a United Nation. She thought she really felt rather disgusted with him.

"It's a very cheap lunch," said Johnnie rudely—"no wines or anything. I don't see how George's ten bob is going to hasten the cessation of hostilities."

"If you mean the end of the war,"

said his sister, "that's where you make a grave mistake. How do you suppose George is going to buy that Defence Bond he's always talking about if we keep stripping him of ten bobs?"

Johnnie's opinion was that the restaurant would buy one instead. It didn't matter who bought it as long as it was somebody inside the British Empire.

"Hooray," I said patriotically.

"In that case," said Belinda, "can you tell me why Sir Kingsley Thing is collecting all the money into one heap? Can you tell me that?"

"No. Why is he, George?"

"Well, in Germany they collected a lot of old tram-lines for Hitler's birthday. I suppose in England—"

"Talking of Hitler," said Belinda, suddenly pointing a dramatic finger, "what do you think would happen if that door opened and he walked in?"

"Who walked in?" said Johnnie.

"Hitler."

"Oh, him." Johnnie frowned sternly. "I know what I should do. Cut the blighter stone dead."

"What with?"

"Oh, a look, you know. One of my looks. But I don't much care for the flight of fancy. I suppose it is one? We haven't been invaded or anything?"

"Not as far as I know," said Belinda—"but then of course I only read *The Times*. No, but it was a thought I had. Supposing he just walked in here—after all, he *does*, you know—and we all looked up from our phlegmatic eating and there he was, with his moustache and arm-things. What would *you* do, George?"

"When I'd made quite sure it wasn't a Hospital Rag I suppose I should ask the waiter to call a policeman."

"And if there weren't any policemen?"

"There are always policemen."

"Only when you don't want them," said Johnnie reminiscently. "In any

case I expect there's some legislation about Hitler walking into London restaurants, automatically declaring a state of siege, or martial law, or some such. No, I should say it would be a case for the nearest air-raid warden."

"Well," said Belinda, giving us coffee, "I must say I'm disappointed in the pair of you. Do you mean to say you wouldn't go and beat him on the head with an entrée dish at least? I should."

"Of course you would," I said, "and very silly of you it would be; you'd be arrested for assault and battery, and bang would go my Defence Bond again, bailing you out. Unless Johnnie had any money."

"Not for that," said Johnnie.

"You see, Belinda, in England people are innocent until they are proved guilty."

"Hear, hear," said Johnnie.

"Innocent!" said Belinda. "You can call him innocent, and here we are with one bit of sugar between three of us and hardly enough petrol to get us home? George, how *could* you!"

"Yes," said Johnnie, who had been practising one of his looks in the long mirror opposite—"you even surprise me, George. I must say I think the man's a slug."

"And you know what happens to *them* when they come interfering in your salad," said Belinda severely.

"They make you sick," said Johnnie.

"I'm afraid, children," I said, "that you're giving an exhibition of muddled thinking. I endorse your indictment of the German Chancellor, strong though its terms may be, but my point is that if he walked in here you'd have to prove he was him before you could take any action."

"But if *he* walked in it *would* be him, stupid!"

"Not necessarily. What about all his understudies you see in the comic papers. Roomfuls of them."

"Oh, well," sighed Belinda, "if you want to lose the war for a ha'p'orth of red tape, go on and be difficult. But if I saw somebody I thought was him I should feel *bound* to do something. I mean my lunch would be ruined anyway. I couldn't just go on as if nothing had happened. Now could I?"

"Well," I said, "as we've now drained the coffee-pot to the dregs, most of which I've just had, the danger seems to be past for to-day."

"No liqueurs?" said Johnnie.

"Johnnie!"

"No harm in asking."

"I'm surprised you have the neck to speak at all," said his sister, "after the way you've let Hitler tramp in here and wreck my lunch."

"Well, I agree with George. He's host, so it's only right. Besides, we should naturally have to make sure it was him. Look what asses we should feel if it turned out to be Cedric Hardwicke."

"When I think, Johnnie," said Belinda, "that you're likely to be called up any day now, I tremble for the future of the realm, truly I do. Look, I'll give you a last chance. Use your imagination. Supposing the door opened and in came Adolf at the goose-step, carrying a copy of *Mein Kampf* and doing his salute and asking for a vegetarian lunch and a table in the window. There couldn't be any mistake about *that*. What would you do, Johnnie?"

"I should do what everyone else in the place would do, led very probably by the old trout with the pagoda: I should lay down my napkin, sniff loudly and leave with dignity."

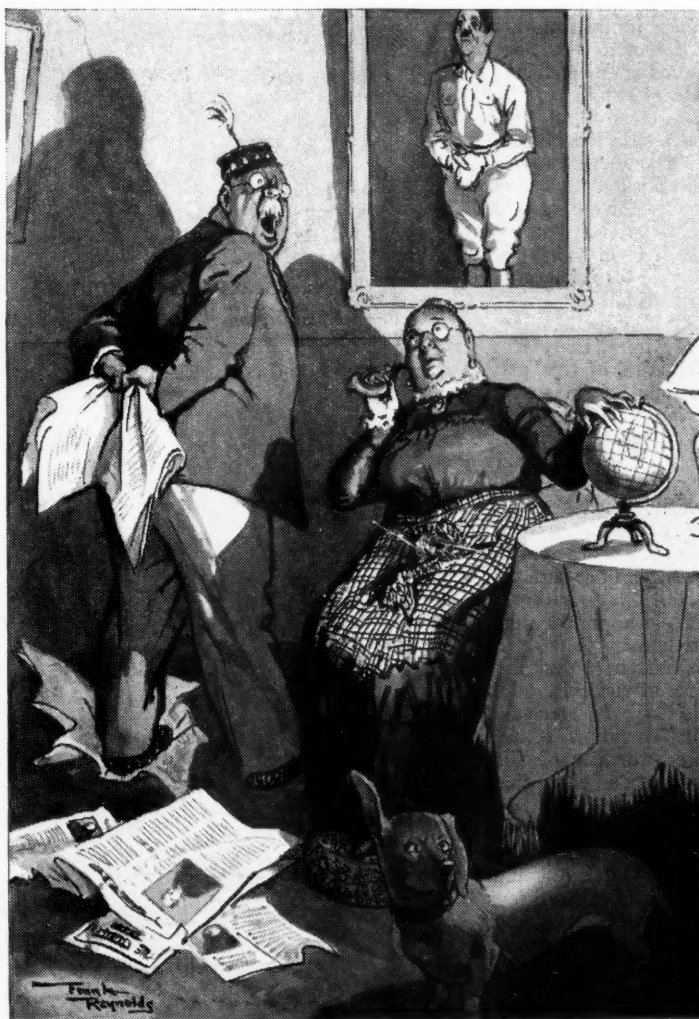
"Snob," I said.

"Johnnie, you *wouldn't*!"

"But certainly I should. And by the time old George joined me, counting his change, I should have got Downing Street on the telephone."

"What on earth for?"

"Just to invite Mr. Churchill to join us here, that's all. And I should think a move like that should satisfy even your vindictive instincts. Besides," concluded Johnnie wistfully, "old George would be bound to buy drinks then, if only to lay the dust."



"Which country did you say was attempting to devour us, dear?"

At the Play

"A HOUSE IN THE SQUARE" (ST. MARTIN'S)

THIS is one of those plays which take off and land again at points so distant in time that the effect is to multiply some of the cast by two. Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, Miss MARGARET RAWLINGS and Mr. MICHAEL SHEPLEY in particular become six people instead of three; for *Lady Mountstephan*, already old before the last war, is a very senior edition of herself by 1936, her daughter *Verna* during the same period has to travel a long way to well-poised middle age, and *Anstruther* jumps from being a rising Junior at the Bar to a rising young Back-Bencher—a necessary gap in years which Miss DIANA MORGAN, quick to make a satirical point, doesn't miss. Miss BRAITHWAITE had almost knocked up a credible century by the spring of 1936, but by 1940 ten or fifteen years for some reason suddenly peel off her. Not that it matters, for very old ladies have a way of doing it at will.

To my mind there is a lot of good stuff in this play, and I hope it will survive the obvious difficulties which just now must assail any attempt to stage the tragedy of war. It is an uneven bit of work, its Third Act going rather noticeably downhill and its young characters not being written in as surely as its old, but it is an authentic piece of social history and an intelligent commentary on the full circle described by points of view. In addition the story rings true and is built round a central character worthier of Miss BRAITHWAITE's gifts than any I seem to have seen her playing for some time. Dramatists love to set her floating about drawing-rooms breathing malicious little half-witticisms, but I easily tire of this. Here she has not only plenty of good lines but a portrait to work on which has some depth and significance. Excellence results.

Lady Mountstephan is a

Belgravian peeress who for a generation has been snooping up and down the backstairs of British politics, pulling strings. She has charm and wit, and clearly likes power; but on her

less spectacular side she is capable and unselfish in doing what she can for others. *Verna* in 1910 is a silly adolescent under the thumb of an unfortunate *Miss Brown*, one of the

ladies who chained themselves to railings in order to show how thoroughly responsible they were and eligible for the vote. The contrast between *Lady M.* and *Miss Brown* is very well pointed. The one exercises great influence entirely through adroit employment of femininity, the other fails to do anything for her sex because she tries to be a man. She persuades *Verna* to arson on a neighbour's house, and *Verna* goes to prison, thereby losing her young man, an M.P. A few years later, in the war, she meets him again in her mother's hospital and they marry; but almost immediately he is killed. Jumping to 1936 and to the present, we find *Lady M.* still quietly dominating all around her, *Verna* turned cynical of the League, in which she has been sublimating her early ardours, and *Miss Brown*, now done to a turn in vinegar, inveigling *Verna's* daughter into sabotage for the enemy. The scene in which *Lady M.* takes on *Miss Brown* and routs her is much the best part of the Third Act.

These different sectors of the circling wheel are nicely fitted together. Miss BRAITHWAITE's dangerous but admirable old lady is, as I indicated, sparkling. Miss RAWLINGS' performance is polished but never calls out her full talent. Mr. SHEPLEY brings delightful naturalness to the rôle of the friend of the family and carries off his white moustache in the final scenes with almost as much conviction as if he had been born with it. Miss WINIFRED WILLARD as *Lady M.'s* secretary, Miss MARIAN SPENCER as *Miss Brown*, and Mr. STEWART GRANGER as the young politician are all good.

Mr. GOWER PARKS' single drawing-room set varies its personality ingeniously, and as a fireman I should like to congratulate the Producer, Mr. RICHARD BIRD, on the decent little blaze he arranged for us in Eaton Square. ERIC.



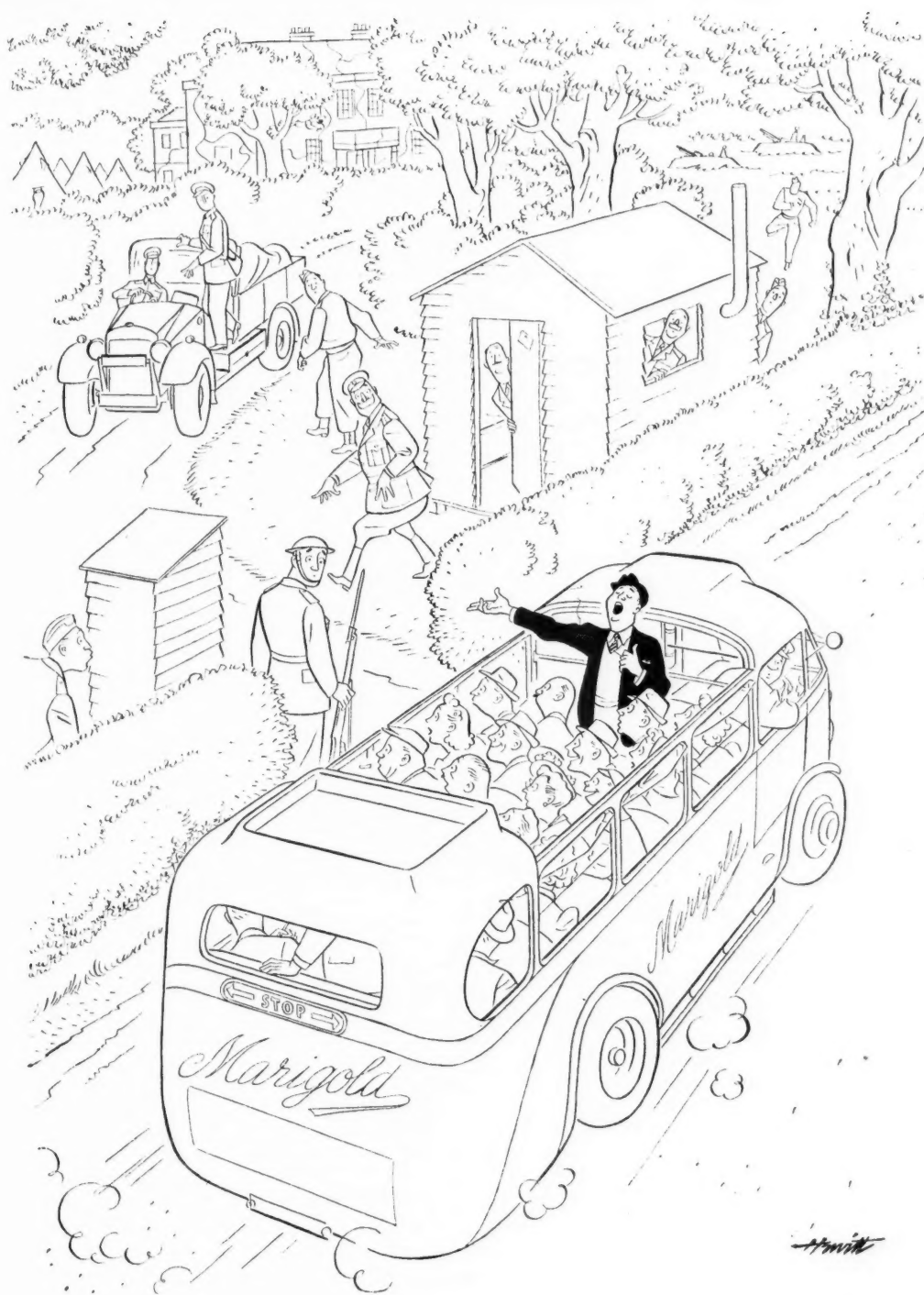
BIRTHDAY HONOURS

Verna Mountstephan . . . Miss MARGARET RAWLINGS
David Anstruther . . . Mr. MICHAEL SHEPLEY

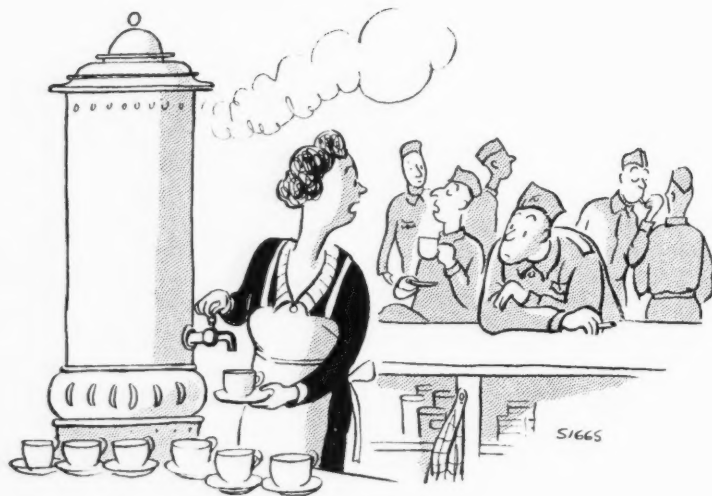


SABOTAGE REBUKED

Miss Brown . . . Miss MARIAN SPENCER
Lady Mountstephan . . . Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE



"... and we are now passing the camp of the 4th Battalion Westchester Regiment, which will be sailing for the Western Front via Saltsands-on-Sea on the 29th of this month. The camouflaged building on the left is Battalion Headquarters, and the secret new 60-pounder gun, firing 20 rounds a minute, is now being tested in the disguised gun-pits which you may discern in a moment through the trees."



"Tea, coffee or cocoa?"

Science in the Home

WHEN there was an auction sale in the old coastguard house my father said he would go to it. He intended to bid for a mangle because my mother had for many years been complaining about the one we possessed. My elder brother Jim, my younger brother Henry and I also went to the auction sale, despite the grave misgivings of my mother.

While my father was waiting to bid for the mangle my elder brother Jim attempted to interest him in another lot that included a lantern, a sheath-knife, two boat-hooks and a bundle of old rope. Jim pointed out that while one might buy a mangle at almost any auction sale, such an opportunity as that offered by the alternative lot could only occur at an auction sale at an old coastguard house, and was therefore not to be missed.

Although my younger brother Henry and I added our entreaties to those of my elder brother Jim, my father was not to be moved. He said that he had come to buy a mangle and that no contingency could possibly arise to persuade him that a lantern, a sheath-knife, two boat-hooks and a bundle of old rope would be a better bargain. Nevertheless our arguments raised such confusion in my father's mind that when he had made his purchase he discovered to his dismay that he had been bidding for the wrong lot. Instead of buying a mangle, he had

bought a pair of brass candlesticks, two soup tureens, a china dog, two pairs of nut-crackers, a hammer, a bag of nails and a curious little machine that seemed to have no purpose at all.

My mother was very upset when my father arrived home with this strange assortment of articles. She said that the presence of my elder brother Jim, my younger brother Henry and me, while a mitigating circumstance, did not altogether excuse my father's conduct. My father had bought a large bag of nuts on the way home in order to show how useful the nut-crackers would be, but my mother would take no notice of his demonstration. Instead she went upstairs, lay on her bed and burst into tears. My father retired to his study, where he sat in a chair and ruminated on the unreasonableness of woman. My elder brother Jim, my younger brother Henry and I went out to the washhouse where we hammered nails into a piece of wood in a disconsolate manner.

The gloom caused by my father's visit to the auction sale did not lift for nearly a week. Then the brass candlesticks were polished and placed in the dining-room; the soup tureens were put away in a kitchen cupboard; the china dog was wrapped in tissue paper and placed among the prospective Christmas presents; and the nut-crackers were left in a fruit-bowl. My father dusted the strange machine and

tried to decide what it was. It had a small revolving drum covered with paper and a needle that moved up and down as the drum revolved; but my father was unable to understand how it worked, so he put it on top of the chest of drawers in the best spare-room and said no more about it.

Some months later my Uncle Charles came to stay with us and was shown to the best spare-room. He was still unpacking his bag when he caught sight of the strange machine on top of the chest of drawers, and called downstairs to my father.

"Where did you get this?" shouted my Uncle Charles, standing at the top of the stairs and holding the strange machine in his right hand.

My father peered up at him.

"It was in a lot I bought at an auction," he said. "I don't know what it is. It won't work."

"It's a seismograph," said my Uncle Charles. "Amazing thing—records earthquakes—very delicate."

My father looked dubious.

"It won't work, though," he said.

"Soon fix it," declared my Uncle Charles. "Very simple—wants ink—new paper—firm base."

Over lunch my Uncle Charles would talk of nothing but the seismograph. He said that it was a wonderful instrument and that when he had fixed it up it would give us warning of any earthquake that occurred anywhere in the world. There was a little clockwork motor to turn the cylinder, and if some ink were placed on the needle it would draw a line on the paper. If the line was a wavy one there was an earthquake going on somewhere.

My mother wanted to stop my Uncle Charles meddling with the seismograph. She said that we had trouble enough without earthquakes, and that if anything happened she would hold my Uncle Charles responsible. But my uncle explained that seismographs did not cause earthquakes, they merely recorded them. My mother was still convinced that something dreadful would happen, but she was unable to subdue my uncle's enthusiasm for science.

After lunch, my father and my Uncle Charles, accompanied by my elder brother Jim, my younger brother Henry and me, began to look for some stable base on which to fix the seismograph. My father thought that the dining-table would be firm enough, but my Uncle Charles thought that it might wobble slightly and so upset the balance of the instrument.

"It's solid mahogany," said my father, slapping the dining-table with

the palm of his hand. "How can it wobble?"

"We'd better test it," said my Uncle Charles.

"How?" asked my father.

My Uncle Charles told my father to climb on to the dining-table to see what would happen, so my father spread some old newspapers on the centre of the table and climbed up. The table creaked as he stood on it.

"There you are," said my Uncle Charles.

"It's not moving," said my father. "It's only creaking." He cautiously shifted his weight from one foot to the other without producing any further effect.

"It's as firm as a rock," he added. "I could jump about on it."

My father bent his knees and leaped into the air. His head banged violently against the ceiling, dislodging a large piece of plaster. The double weight of the piece of plaster and my father's descending body was more than the dining-table could stand. There was a rending crash as it split down the middle and my father lay stretched on the floor surrounded by debris.

My mother was in her bedroom when she heard the crash and she immediately concluded that my Uncle Charles had already caused an earthquake with the seismograph.

Pausing only to snatch up the framed birth certificates of my elder brother Jim, my younger brother Henry and me, and to put her night-dress and her jewel-case into a leather shopping-bag, she came running downstairs and threw open the door of the dining-room.

"Get the children out of the house," said my mother. "Get them out."

She seized my elder brother Jim, my younger brother Henry and me and bundled us into the hall.

While my mother was doing this, my father arose rather shakily from the debris. He had heard my mother shouting as she ran downstairs, and now she was shrieking just outside the front door. My father believed that the house was on fire, so leaving my Uncle Charles to his fate, he dashed into the open air and ran down the street yelling "Fire!" at the top of his voice.

Meanwhile my Uncle Charles was somewhat surprised at the alarm caused by my father's simple accident. He did not follow the rest of us into the street because he thought that we would soon discover our mistake and return to the house. Instead, he began to examine the seismograph again, and at once he realised that it was not a seismograph at all, but a machine for measuring the velocity of the wind.

There was a place for attaching a cable that would lead to four wind-cups on top of a pole.

As soon as he had made this discovery my Uncle Charles thought of the cowl on top of the dining-room chimney. It struck him that as everyone was out of the way it would be a good time to climb to the top of the roof to see whether he could attach the wind-machine to the cowl, so he proceeded to put this plan into action.

When my mother saw my father run down the street shouting "Fire!" she decided that the earthquake caused by my Uncle Charles with the seismograph had produced this fresh horror. She started to run down the street after him, closely followed by my elder brother Jim, my younger brother Henry and me. Between us we managed to persuade Mr. Swaffield the carpenter that our house was on fire. As well as being a carpenter, Mr. Swaffield was Captain of the Fire Brigade, so he summoned his crew and we all returned to the scene of the conflagration with a hose on a hand-cart and a ladder. As we approached the house we saw my Uncle Charles standing on the roof and clinging to the dining-room chimney. My mother screamed. "He's trapped!" she cried. "Save him, save him!"

"Drench the roof with water," roared my father.

Mr. Swaffield attached the hose to a hydrant and directed a steady stream through the dining-room window. My Uncle Charles was clinging to the chimney with one hand and waving to us with the other.

"He's signalling," said my father.

Mr. Swaffield looked up and, raising

the hose at the same time, drenched my Uncle Charles until he was in danger of losing his grip on the chimney and being swept off the roof. "Help, help!" called my Uncle Charles.

While all this was going on willing hands had placed the ladder against the wall, and Mr. Swaffield, handing the hose to a subordinate, climbed up and rescued my uncle from his precarious position.

When my Uncle Charles had been rescued Mr. Swaffield asked us to show him the fire so that he could put it out. My father said that the fire was in my mother's bedroom, but my mother said that it must be in the dining-room. My Uncle Charles kept saying that it was all a mistake and that he was only trying to measure the velocity of the wind. Nobody took any notice of this as it was thought that he was delirious as a result of his terrifying experience, and as there was no sign of a fire it was concluded that my uncle had put it out single-handed by pouring water down the chimney.

When Mr. Swaffield and the Fire Brigade had departed my mother said that she was going to burn the seismograph to avoid further incidents. My Uncle Charles said that it was quite harmless as it was not a seismograph at all but a machine for measuring the velocity of the wind. This did not make my mother swerve from her intent. She said that if my Uncle Charles meddled with it any more she did not doubt that he would succeed in blowing our house into the middle of Mr. Copplestone's garden. My elder brother Jim, my younger brother Henry and I always regretted that he was not allowed to conduct this experiment.





"Are those the Pyramids? Do you know, I always thought they were square."

The Single Mind

"I DO hope I'm not disturbing you so early in the morning—'Early one morning, just as the sun was rising'—ha-ha-ha—but I'm so very glad to find you at home."

"That's very nice of you, Miss Plum. Do sit down. How are you?"

"It's about the Branch Meeting of the Junior Group of the South Western League on Thursday. *This very Thursday.*"

"Oh, yes?"

"And the most dreadful thing has happened. Two speakers have failed us. One after the other. It's difficult enough to carry on as it is without that. This war really is very trying. We have the greatest difficulty in getting speakers, because of the petrol-restrictions and because they don't like driving in the black-out, and it isn't always easy to get a hall that can be properly darkened. That's really why I arranged to have the Branch Meeting in the afternoon, so as to do

away with all that. And then first of all the Vicar fails us, and then Mr. Pancatto's London friend, who was to give the members a talk on 'Pig-swill' that I *know* they were looking forward to enormously. And now *neither* of them is coming."

"What's happened to them?"

"I believe the Vicar has laryngitis, but that's neither here nor there. Everybody is having either influenza or laryngitis just now. The point is that we *must* have a speaker for Thursday."

"'Curfew shall not ring to-night!'"

"Oh! *Would* you come and recite us something?"

"No, certainly not. What happened to Mr. Pancatto's London friend?"

"I really don't remember. He rang up last night and said he'd been sent for by the War Office or something. And that leaves us without a speaker for Thursday."

"Have you tried some of the South-Western Federation people?"

"I was telephoning all yesterday. I must say I think people are *too* extraordinary. One woman simply said that two of her children were ill and she hadn't got a single maid in the house, and couldn't manage it; and another was away doing some kind of war work, and when I *did* get in touch with her at last she seemed to think it wouldn't be possible for her to take time off to come and speak at the meeting. I told her that we should be having at least seventy-one members there, and that we simply *must* find a speaker. So then she suggested Miss Bogg-Woppington, near Taunton, who has a very good talk on 'Papier Mâché' (some of our old-age pension members heard her five years ago at the League Semi-Annual Meeting at Mutton-on-Sea. Several of them have died since then, but I remember how much they all liked it). Well, I put through a trunk call to her, but you know how this tiresome war is interfering with the telephone service, and it was ages

before I got her. And *then* it wasn't any use. So that I'm really practically *without* a speaker for the meeting."

"What was the matter with Miss Bogg-Woppington?"

"She'd broken her leg. It really does seem as if the meeting were *fated*."

"Or even as if poor Miss Bogg-Woppington was."

"So I said to myself, Well, I must fall back upon *you*. I know the members would like to hear something about America, or embroidery if you like, or even about books."

"I'm afraid Thursday afternoon is absolutely impossible for me. I really am very sorry, Miss Plum, but I simply can't manage it."

"Can't manage it? But *surely* you can somehow. Otherwise what on earth is to happen to the Branch Meeting of the Junior Group on Thursday afternoon?"

"I'm terribly sorry."

"But *why* can't you come and speak?"

"I'm afraid I've got to be in London."

"In London! But surely you could put that off?"

"Not very well. I have an appointment with a friend who is sailing for Canada at once."

"Could you change the appointment?"

"No, it's her only free time."

"Couldn't she possibly put off going?"

"I'm sure she couldn't."

"Why not see her when she comes back instead? You see, this meeting is quite one of our most important ones, because we're so anxious to attract more junior members. You really *must* come and speak."

"No, I can't. It's completely impossible."

"Then all I can do is to ring up the Vicar again. His laryngitis *must* be over by now. He'll see that it must be when I tell him that otherwise the Branch Meeting on Thursday will be left without a speaker . . ."

So now you see why Miss Plum has been re-elected as our Organising Secretary for the sixteenth year in succession. E. M. D.

"BUSMEN SAY 'NO GIRL BOSSES'"
Heading in "Daily Mail."

We say "Some girls do."

"2.30, Allez au Diable (if abs., Sarawaki)."
Racing and Football Outlook.

Or "Berlin"?



"... a gentleman with a beard."

PUNCH TO FRIENDS ABROAD

Many people have been in the habit after reading their newspapers, of posting them to friends and relatives abroad, or of buying copies specially for that purpose.

Under the censorship regulations it is no longer possible to allow private individuals to post newspapers and periodicals to any of the countries on what is known as the censorable list.

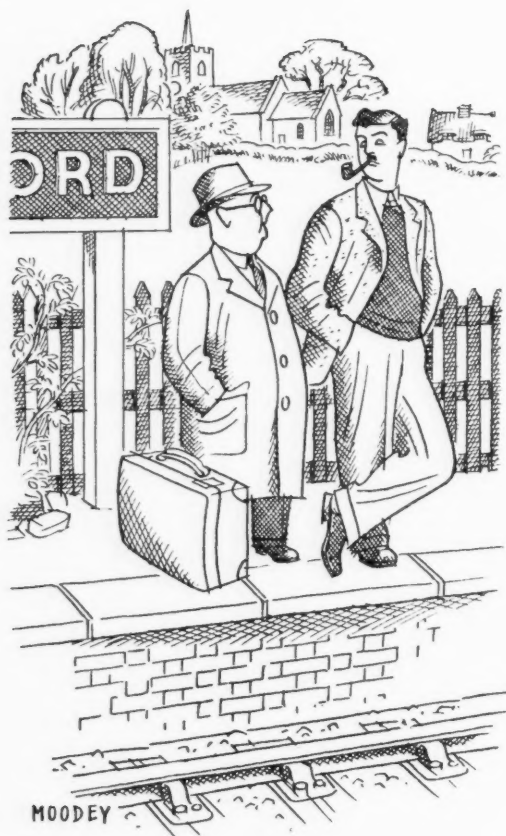
The reason for the prohibition is that printed matter affords easy opportunities of conveying information to enemy agents, and it is of course impossible for the Censor to check the identity of any sender.

But there is no reason why you should stop sending British newspapers, and therefore the British point of view, to your friends abroad.

All you have to do is to place a regular order direct with us or with a reputable newsagent. PUNCH will then be dispatched on your behalf quicker than you yourself could send it off in peace-time.

If you want to know which the censorable countries are, ask us or your newsagent.

For Subscription rates see bottom of front page of cover.



"This line isn't electrified yet, I see."
 "Good heavens, no! It's barely steam."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

"Fair is Foul"

GERMANY and the twentieth century have no monopoly of noxious personalities. *George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham* (Duckworth, 15/-), upstart with nothing to forward him in the royal favour but a saintly face and courtier graces, so established himself in authority under the early STUARTS that he could twice engage this country in war solely to avenge his own injured vanity. In an age when men of station were wont to comport themselves loftily towards their "inferiors" his arrogance became an intolerable public grievance, while his political incompetence was a cause for national revolt. When exposure threatened him he remorselessly poisoned his "dear Dad and Gossip" JAMES I (with plasters and a julep), or at least so Mr. HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON is reasonably satisfied. Most serious of all was his influence with KING CHARLES, whom he meanly entangled in a series of needless quarrels with the House of Commons. Once set on that path CHARLES could find no return, and in BUCKINGHAM's lasting influence Mr. WILLIAMSON, tracing a motive for the later desertion of

STRAFFORD that will be new to most students of the period, sees the secret beginning of the STUART wars and a deflection of English history not even to-day wholly corrected. This evil man was assassinated by a soldier who made no attempt to escape and became a national hero, while the world breathed more freely for the removal.

Oil and Troubled Waters

MR. ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL plunges us swiftly into the middle of things. Murder occurs in his first chapter; and since the wife of the victim, who is an American journalist, has a favoured lover, it would be natural, were it not too naïve, to suspect a crime of passion. But that in fact would be far too naïve, for very soon a tale of dark political intrigue is being adumbrated—an intrigue about which poor *Henry van Dyle* had discovered inconveniently much—and *Jimmy Lamson*, his rival, has set forth on *The Way to Santiago* (CAPE, 7/6) to trace if possible not only the murderer but certain suspected leakages of Mexican oil into German submarines. It proves a way so perilous as to make *Jimmy* forget, apparently, all about the widowed lady of his heart. *Jimmy's* adventures, however, claim only half our attention: the rest must be given to *Lionel Transit*, who is not only a journalist but even less respectable things besides, and to *Lionel's* traffickings with crooked politicians and an underworld which serves, when it does not betray, their sinister ends. Mr. CALDER-MARSHALL, in short, has written a thriller, though his time being the present and his scene being Mexico it may be doubted whether he has gone far beyond the bounds of the probable; and he has written a thriller which is also a work of excellent literary art, quick and vivid in narrative and presenting an array of characters who are as convincingly drawn as, male or female, they are effectively various in type.



"Sandbags! What a kindly thought!"

Stalin: At Home and Abroad

Stalin, Czar of All the Russias (HARRAP, 9/-) is not only a compact, lucid and convincing life of its revolting subject but an equally compact, lucid and convincing exposition of the rise and probable progress of the HITLER-STALIN *entente*. Foretold in 1936 by the German ex-Communist WILLI SCHLAMM, blinked at by Allied capitalists (and even by more disinterested persons) who persisted in seeing Fascism as a bulwark against Bolshevism, the *rapprochement* of the totalitarians comes as the climax of an able and extremely interesting book. Its author, Mr. EUGENE LYONS, the author of *Assignment in Utopia*, is an American sympathiser, but by no means a blind admirer, of the democracies. He had six years in Russia and was the first journalist to interview STALIN on his rise to power. Unlike HITLER, "the Caucasian Caliban" did not manufacture his revolution. He exploited the inevitable terror that awaits every nation that forces its peasantry to become a proletariat and "siphons off" their wealth to domestic or extraneous investors. If the superficial observation in Mr. LYONS' book makes it highly readable, it is the long-term warnings conveyed by his diagnosis that render it really valuable.

The Man from Aubignane

M. JEAN GIONO, whose second novel of peasant-life in the Basses-Alpes is now translated into English, belongs to that race of regional authors whose work means so much to the French rural renaissance. His "Homeric" qualities have been stressed in Paris, but in *Harvest* (HEINEMANN, 8/6) his handling exhibits a certain lack of spiritual dexterity and his vision a confusion of perspectives which either personal genius or the complete inheritance of a great folk-tradition would have precluded. He tells how a solitary peasant, in a valley where cultivation has entirely lapsed, takes up with the unhappy mate of a travelling knife-grinder and how they succeed in establishing a *foyer* and a farmstead. Primitive methods lavished on something the pair can make their own prevail where government experts, grants, apparatus and textbooks fail. *Panturle* and *Arsule* bring the only wheat worth having to the summer fair at Banon. There is poetry in the relation—the poetry of the animal, vegetable and mineral creation to whose status M. GIONO has relegated his hero and heroine—but nothing of the peasant's other-worldliness and little of the habitual decorum that usually accompanies it.

P. G. W.

An earnest student of our literature obliged to write a thesis could not do better than analyse and enlarge upon the



Old Lady. "CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IS INSIDE THE SANDBAGS, YOUNG MAN?"
Special. "SAND, MA'AM—HENCE THE NAME."

F. H. Townsend, May 22nd, 1918

ethics of Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE's characters; for one of the most remarkable phenomena of our age is that a writer of whom at any given moment old ladies all over the world are saying "So refreshingly *all right*, dear!" should devote himself almost exclusively to the glorification of theft, swindling, sponging and falsehood. These are disguised in a batter of such bonhomie that their common shape is lost, but looked at coldly they remain t, s, s and f. We do not complain of this, we merely make an interesting literary point such as our readers are entitled to expect from time to time, and pass on to say that *Eggs, Beans and Crumpets* (HERBERT JENKINS, 7/6) is a collection of short stories in Mr. WODEHOUSE's best vein, working out at no more

than tenpence each and practically given away at the price. Here are four "Bingos," three "Ukridges," a "Mulliner" and a "Freddie Fitch-Fitch." Our own preference is for the "Mulliner," a really beautiful piece of ecclesiastical restoration.

Children of the Loose End

It was probably inevitable that rather sooner than later a novel should be written about evacuated children. And, given a novelist out for stern and unbending realism, it was probably just as inevitable that the evacuee-in-chief should begin his new state of existence by having his head shaved. That, at any rate, is what happens to *Charley Brown*; and the story which Mr. JOYCE CARY unfolds might be described as an illustration of what effects so humiliating an experience may work on an imaginative temperament. The taunts of other little boys, with their locks still intact, creates in *Charley* a sense of inferiority against which he reacts with a positively Hitlerian urge to self-assertion. In the face of opposition which is sometimes physical he establishes himself as the Al Capone of the village, and carried forward by the luxuriant boasts which pride obliges him to make good, and by the scepticism of his followers, he embarks on a career of gangsterdom which comes to its due termination in the reformatory. *Charley is My Darling* (JOSEPH, 9/-) is a lively but not an altogether satisfactory book. Mr. CARY has piled up incidents with too little care for coherence or variety, and has been over-lavish in the reporting of the aimless repetitive conversation of adolescence. But his uprooted children, if some of them are nasty, are all and always human; and his title, in spite of *Charley's* quite deplorable delinquencies, is not altogether ironical. His grown-ups hardly count.

"At Last I've Found the Food I Really Like"

A poet in a recent issue of *Punch* celebrated the gastronomic goodness of "heads, tails and trotters—combs, wattles, lights" in a "Ballad of Non-Rationed Food" of which the line quoted above was the refrain. It is to be suspected that he had already made the acquaintance of Mr. AMBROSE HEATH's little book, *Meat Dishes Without Coupons* (FABER, 3/6), for it is full of very clear recipes for the production of most attractive dishes likely to convert the strongest opponent of the use of "innards" to his way of thinking. Mr. HEATH seems to have searched the world for the savoury dishes to be made with non-rationed meats,

and has a charming way of adding an occasional personal opinion or a word of praise which quite relieves the inevitable monotony of "chop finely," "baste" and "boil." It may be a weakness, but somehow "heads, tails and trotters" when called by other names do sound more sweet, and Mr. HEATH has kindly given in most cases a French equivalent which will make them more welcome in many households.

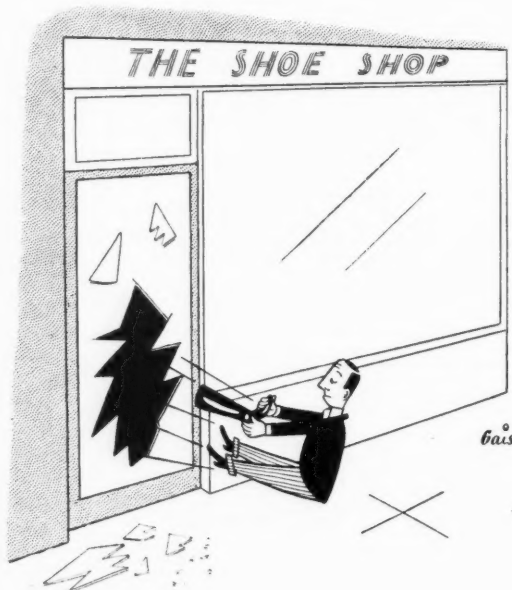
Inquire Within

Mr. CONOR O'BRIEN has, by means of *The Practical Man's Cruiser* (HUMPHREY MILFORD, 7/6), earned the gratitude of anyone who aspires to be a yachtsman. In language that even the veriest landlubber can understand (1) he takes us round a yacht yard, then (2) he describes how gadgets generally speaking can be made, and in the concluding chapters he supplies hints on handling the ship and gear. It is difficult in a short space to give a clear impression of all the advice he has offered, or to do justice to his illustrations. But when it is known that "the thesis of this book is that two people can manage a somewhat larger ship than the authorities usually allow them, if they put practical utility before yachting conventions," some idea of what Mr. O'BRIEN has tried to do may be conveyed.

High Tension

The publishers (COLLINS) state that before the end of *Three Names for Murder* (8/-) is reached "the reader will be caught up in an amazing web of mystery." This assertion is too true, for Lady HARRIETTE CAMPBELL's plot is so intricately woven that only by concentrated effort can one follow the maze of intrigues which her investigator, *Simon Brade*, is bent on unravelling. These investigations take place in yet another of those small but important European countries of which our novelists have an unlimited supply, and *Brade* "rapt and motionless" was for once not a little tiresome before he cleared up the troubles and emerged with flying colours.

THE Fine Arts Publishing Co. Ltd. are issuing some "Punch Tonic Postcards," consisting of drawings from these pages reproduced in postcard form. Series 1 and Series 2, dealing with "Humour on the Home Front," have already appeared, and further series of "Humour in the Army" and "Humour in the Navy" are projected. The drawings are well printed on cards of good quality and cost sixpence per packet of six. "Each of these cards will bring a smile," as the publishers say, "and therein lies the tonic."



NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper. The entire Copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.